

DENIS WORTMAN



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THE DIVINE PROCESSIONAL



The
Divine Processional

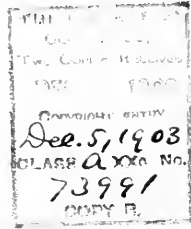
By
Denis Wortman, D. D.

Author of
"Reliques of the Christ"



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With a Father's Blessing on his Sons

DENYS WORTMAN, JR.

and

ELBERT B. MONROE WORTMAN,

May the Author Dedicate to all Hearty Lovers of

God and His World

this Sympathetic Attempt at

Spiritual Interpretation

INTRODUCTION

THE generous favor with which his "Reliques of the Christ" was received by the press and the public in 1888, and in subsequent editions, has encouraged the author to the completion of this undertaking. It differs from the "Reliques" in motif and form. While he trusts it may minister quite as much to the spiritual life, it attempts a wider task. The former assumed the spiritual attitude of the reader, and without argument sought to interpret and develop that which is richest in personal experience and hope. It naturally cast itself into the form and fervor, so far as might be, of the mystical medieval rhapsody; the whole being, however (if so kind an acknowledgment by one of many journals may be allowed insertion here), "fused with elements distinctively modern, and a visible ministry of the discoveries of science to the meditative ardor of faith."

The present poem is a bolder hazard. The author believes that the age with all its enthusiasms in scientific and religious inquiry de-

mands a certain religious treatment of the modern knowledges and a certain scientific treatment of the best religious thought and passion; not in the cold statement of fact and reason, but such a sympathetic interpretation of them as can perhaps only be through idealistic visioning and harmonics. Happy shall he be, when another, better equipped; shall undertake the work and realize the ideal, and help men to the larger comprehensions of truth, so those who behold the outer and those who behold the inner creations, the one of form, the other of spirit, shall see eye to eye, and with the voice together sing.

This undertaking would therefore be an argument without the argumentative form, and by all means without that disputativeness which such implies. It would be a vision to such as may see, a voice to such as may hear, a song for such as would sing. It would modestly attempt Interpretation; an interpretation of nature through a spiritual visioning, and of religion through those great theologies God has deposited in nature and human history. It means to be intrinsically optimistic. No one who believes in the unity of the Godhead has any right to believe other than in the perpetual unfolding of His plans, and the undiverted, eternal Coming of His Kingdom.

True, there be advances, and then apparent

retrogressions; only, however, to promote a more general spiritual progress; better than a mere survival of the fittest; an inevitable multiplying and improvement of the fittest. Over and over we witness such in history. But, withal the declensions, there is advance; cycles prepare the way for cycles; each is type and prophet of the other. From the first, reformers have seemed to themselves to be starting out from a very beginning; but with all the human ebbs the divine tide has been rising. If in reading this poem one shall deem himself nearing the end, but shall find himself starting from a new point of departure, it is ardently hoped he will not be discouraged. He will please remind himself that this is an essential parallel to that succession of progressions we all must note in history herself; and further on he may discover that there has been a general and logical convergence of all the paths of thought towards the supreme conclusion: "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory and the victory, and the majesty; all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head over All!"

If in this undertaking the author shall have at all effectively illustrated the theories of his early life that Christianity presents the noblest themes for the poet, and that Nature is

fuller of worthy poetic suggestion than the myths of barbaric ages, or the daring conceits of romantic civilizations; if, in the humble but sincere endeavor to give to Science a kindlier interpretation of Faith, and to Faith a more affectionate interpretation of Science, he shall have helped timid believers out of distrusts, and fine lovers of Nature to a more confident acceptance of religious thought; if he shall to any degree have shewn the Creator to be more personal Lover of both the physical and spiritual worlds, and thus shall have aided any to a readier faith in Him; if he shall have at all succeeded in illustrating the supernatural as truly natural and the natural as divine; if he shall have contributed his mite in lifting religion above mere creeds and forms on the one hand, and above rationalism and iconoclasm on the other; if he shall have helped to show to such as hold to the divine Immanence how it may involve the Incarnation, and to such as hold to the Incarnation how that great historic fact authenticates God's holy Immanence; if he shall have broadened faith and given doubt a kindlier bent towards spiritual trust; if, indeed, he may in some least degree have assisted in shewing forth the majestic grace of Him that filleth all in all, to whom be praise forever and ever!— then shall he feel that the intense and grate-

ful labors of spare hours among the pastoral responsibilities of years shall have been divinely blessed ! It were vain to say he had no hope for a fair measure of success ; otherwise it had been an unjustifiable adventure. Of its difficulties and of his failings, perhaps in many points, none can be better aware than the writer. But he would cordially invite his readers through regions of Christian speculation and faith, some old, some new, by what appears to him at least a largely untraversed way.

Perhaps a word may be allowed in regard to the introduction of the Voice of the Divine Father, in the mystic scene which suggested the title of *The Wonder-Cross,—Immanence*,⁽¹⁾ at first, as the title to the book ; a title which gave way to that of THE DIVINE PROCESSIONAL, as suggestive of the trend and purpose of the whole work. To hear the Father speak, appeared the only way to represent the incarnation and atonement from the Divine standpoint. We have been in the bad habit of overlooking the Father's interest in the redemptive work. Our praise and praying would seem to indicate that in shewing forth His mercy, He were going against His own nature ; as though He needed placating ; as though He did not love us but wanted to, and so let His Beloved die on the Cross, that

He might overcome legal obstacles and scruples, and love us and forgive! We seem sometimes to forget that God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son! Therefore, here we would have Himself speak out His own gracious heart; however brokenly and erringly we may interpret it into our human speech. The poem, therefore, would venture reverently to place us in the attitude of listening to His Voice, and gathering therefrom some conception of what He is pleased to plan. In the sublime tragedy of Earth, Nature suffers, and Man, and the great Son of Man, in all which the Almighty has His ineffable sympathies; while through the great birth-pangs of the World, Mankind is being born into the Kingdom of Heaven! It is trusted that this difficult task at interpretation is treated at least with reverence and dignity.

The various songs and choruses will break the monotony of blank verse and permit digressions in praise which could not have been properly allowed in the logical conduct of the argument itself; and may be considered as expressing the thoughts and emotions, either of the other-world Visitors, or of Nature, or of us who guide the Visitors about the earth, or of the Reader; just as shall strike the reader's mood. All music, all poetry, all prophecy, all art, interprets itself to the spiritual con-

sciousness and temperament of the individual soul.

Now unto the King, Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the Only Wise God, be Glory and Power, Forever. AMEN!

DENIS WORTMAN.

*Hyde Park,
East Orange, N. J.*

CANTOS

- I. ARRIVAL OF STAR-BORN VISITORS, AND THEIR DISAPPOINTING SEARCHES THROUGH THE EARTH, UNTIL,
- II. THEY, STARTLED, DISCOVER GETH-SEMANE AND THE MYSTIC WONDER-CROSS; WHERE
- III. THEY AND WE SEE NATURE, LAMENTING STILL HER DEAD SON AND LORD: HER DESPAIRS AND HOPES.
- IV. THEY, ENDOWED WITH SUPERNATURAL SENSE, COMFORT HER AND US WITH SOME OF THE DEEPER INTENTIONS OF THE CROSS.
- V. THE VOICE OF THE FATHER UTTERS HIS DIVINE PASSION IN THE PASSION OF HIS SON, BUT GLORIES WITH HIM IN HIS VICTORIES THROUGH LOVE.
- VI. JUSTICE JUSTIFIED.
- VII. EARTH'S BIRTH-PANGS BUT PRESAGE HER MOTHER-JOY.
- VIII. LET EVIL THREATEN GOOD!
- IX. IMMANENCE IN NATURE PRESSES TOWARDS IMMANENCE IN MAN.

- X. NATURE MORE AND MORE ALIVE WITH
GOD, CULMINATING IN THE ALL-PENE-
TRATIVE CHRIST-LIFE,
- XI. WHOSE INFINITE INTERBLENDINGS ARE
COMPREHENDED ONLY THROUGH THE
VISIONINGS OF LOVE.
- XII. ONLY LOVE UNDERSTANDS LOVE AND
LIFE; INTERPRETING NATURE AND
SUPERNATURAL AS ONE.
- XIII. INTERSPHERES OF MATTER, LIFE, GOD
- XIV. THE INTENSIVE DIVINE IMMANENCE.
- XV. COMETH MAN; COMETH THE SON OF
MAN,
- XVI. TO OVERCOME;
- XVII. AND TO GIVE LIFE MORE ABUNDANTLY.
- XVIII. REDEMPTION OF RELIGIONS AND NA-
TIONS.
- XIX. LIFE'S MYSTIC OCEAN WITH HER MYSTIC
SHIPS.
- XX. THE SEVEN ÆONIC PROPHECIES FUL-
FILLED, AND THE LORD IS COME.
- XXI. CATHEDRAL OF ALL SAINTS, BUILDED OF
ALL MANNERS OF STONES PRECIOUS
TO GOD.
- XXII. THE LIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF MEN.
- XXIII. CORRELATION OF SPIRITUAL FORCES.

- XXIV. "IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."
- XXV. MIGHT HE HAVE HEARD! MIGHT HE
HAVE SEEN!
- XXVI. NOW, LO, COMETH HE, TO BE KING OF
KINGS.
- XXVII. WHAT GOD IS GOD FOR.
- XXVIII. LET EVERY GATE SWING OPEN TO THE
KING!
- XXIX. LOVE GOES A-GOSPELLING; AND EARTH,
FILLED WITH HER LIFE, TURNS OUT
TO BE THE HOLY GRAIL WHEREFROM
WORLDS THIRSTING DRINK.

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(The Author acknowledges his indebtedness to *The Independent*, for permission to reprint his poems marked "A," *Harper's Bazaar* for "B," *The Christian Intelligencer* and *Mail and Express* for "C." The others now make their first appearance in print.)

M O T I F

ADOWN the sounding ages from afar
Sweep solemn storms of larum and of joy,
Cries of hurt childhood, and the roar of war,
Loud shouts of powers that rescue, or destroy.

At first amidst the multitudinous din
Breathes the sweet promise of the Peace to come ;
And then o'er Bethlehem's hills Angels begin
The song that sings in Christ and Christendom.

Then, as a mother to the organ grand
On whose responsive keys her youngling plays,
Pleased listens for song-fragments the dear hand
Feels for, and finding, then new chords essays ;

So, not sore fretted is the Holy One
At the poor efforts of Earth's infancy,
But smiles o'er many a lute and lyre undone
If her taste take to love and minstrelsy.

O, dear to Him those straius of earlier Earth
That timid crept among the discords dire,
And wooed the world to songs of reverent mirth,
Of helpful hope and eminent desire !

But, ever and anon, almost unheard
Among the Babel cries of wrath and pride,
Pæans of peace, while oft have strangely erred
They who the chosen choirs of God should guide.

O, sad the thought, how God's own noble souls
 Lift psalms of joy that be well nigh akin,—
 Yet, pitched at different keys, harsh discord rolls
 Through all, entangling very praise in sin !

Yet ever down the years more freely flow
 The stronger strains of widening melody,
 While the rude Discords now less stridulous grow,
 And watch God tune His worlds to harmony !

He year by year the broken reeds doth mend,
 And holily new instruments invent ;
 So creeds and deeds and peoples without end
 Bring psalms that savor of a sacrament.

All Ages add musicians to His Choir,
 All loving Faiths find some mellifluous lays,
 No Wrong but with new zeal sets Love afire,
 No Soul but pays some tribute to the Praise.

God is Himself eternal Harmony,
 Heaven and the Earth His mighty symphonies !
 Earth's Anvil-Chorus blends in euphony
 With Hallelujah-Chorus of the skies !

I

THEY came from far, from reverend
 majesties
Of height where in the Empyrean,
 God,
As the Ancients had it, stored th' essential
 fire ;
Those heights where suns unseen by human
 eye
Through space their even pace in peace
 pursue ;
Beyond, beyond Arcturus' golden crown,
Vega, Altair, sapphire and diamond-veined,
Capella, Sirius, in white robes of state,
Lusty Orion of star-jewelled girdle ;
Those spheres so distant even swift-winged
 Light
Well-nigh forgets her birthplace ere she rests.

They had wrought well their work, and at its
 close
Ere to some nobler life they should be lift,
Permit was given of God long time to range
Among the orbs that lie, fair Isles of Light,

On the dark bosom of Night's boundless sea.
 Fleet wings should bear them whither they
 might please.

“Perchance,” their fellows said, “Perchance,”
 they dreamed,

“Ah, what, if somewhere in their pilgrimage
 They might stumble upon the vagrant star,
 The star so dark—so bright, so bright—so
 dark,

Where the Light of the World went out, and
 then the more

Illustriously shone!” “Nay, dreams be
 dreams!

When ye and we and dwellers from all worlds
 Shall in the Central Heavens meet, there we'll
 Compare notes round, and learn the Story
 straight.”

Whereat with sweet “Adieu” forthward they
 fared.

Far had they journeyed, much had heard and
 seen;

Wonders succeeding wonders; the great stars
 Of God as wide apart in glory and use
 As in the lonely distances between;
 Had visited where worlds most numerous
 dwell,

Close clustering to hear respondent song;
 Had lingered there to catch the glad refrain,

And thence had bounded on where seemed the
edge
Of Cosmos, hopeful shout to throw far out
Beyond to cheer some orb that, overbrave,
Had wandered off into the wild weird waste ;
And, lo, no edge of worlds, no voiceless void,
But, ever on, God's populous Cosmos still ;
Infinite Sphere with Centre everywhere !
Long now their absence, soon the hour at hand
When they must turn new-homeward past the
stars
That touch and thrill us with their pulsing
beams.

Their course lay near our Sun, and fair it
seemed
To see what on our little globe might thrive
Of sweetness, or of beauty, or of use
Superior spheres might not deem worth their
while :
As when the traveler, with the city's pride
Awearry, longs to rest among the soft
And soothing shadows, and the chirp of birds,
The conjuring myriad muteness of the wold,
And bless the blushing ministries of flowers.

They came in very human guise and dress ;
The vision of them scared men not outright ;
And learning their desire to view what might
Prove new to them, or grand, or excellent,

Proud of such guests and of our goodly world,
We ventured their companions to become.
Alas, provincial World, provincial Men,
Provincial Science! Ah, thou puny Earth,
What canst thou show to star-born visitors?
What new to such as through God's firmament
Of amplitudinous length and breadth have
 searched?

We toiled adventurous toward the mountain's
 crown,
Along its jagged sides peered down its deep
Abyssms of silences, and then afar
Upon the fertile plains; then onward pressed
Till on the smoking summit awed we stood.
The mad volcano, lifting high his head,
Storming and breathing fire, and thundering,
Seemed like some giant of enormous mould,
Hot with his rage, his huge trunk writhing
 hard
With groans and oaths and wrestlings fierce
To get him free, shaking the continents!

Then said the Strangers, not contemptuously,
But mindful of the grandeur of the scene:
"O Men, yon little ball the Master lights
And for your night's illumining hangs serene
Upon your starry ceiling there, yon Moon
Hath heights of mountain that dwarf these to
 hills;

And caverns where, if the avenging mount
That rained deep burial on Pompeian art
And sin, some mighty Alp exacting death
From such as touch his crown, lone Fugisan
Whose Lotus head salutes not slumbrously
The far, fast rising sun, or th' dazzling domes
Of Asia's mountains fit for vast empires
And ancient faiths; if these were in affright
To haste and hide from some avenger, they
Might find in lunar depths secure retreat,
Well buried out of sight from savage search!

“ And these steep precipices; once stood we
On those mysterious rings that strongly gird
Yon planet named for Jove's great sire (such
crown
Nor any of his children wore!) on th' edge
Of those grand fire-born fillets have we stood,
Where myriad play-worlds dance their merry
round,
Nor fear the frown of Saturn's mighty eye;
And gazed adown depths underlying depths,
(Tenebrious light from many mingling moons!)
Adown abysses more, till far beneath
The awful heights as more than round this
Earth
And then around once more, so many leagues
Below lay Saturn's boundless surfaces;
One would as soon leap off the high-noon Sun
As down that planetary precipice!”

Then to thy solemn splendors, lo, we come,
Niagara, whom mighty lakes attend !
These pausing on thy heights libations pour
In honor of the river-god, who thence,
Now with a wild storm-joy, now calmlier,
But ever with his full majestic might
Shall bear them onward to the waiting sea ;
Libations, O Niagara, such as
Ne'er e'en immortal lavished or received
Beneath Olympus' ancient hallowed height ;
River of one eternal flow and flame,
River of ceaseless whirling depths of gems
All molten together, amethyst and pearl,
Rare agates, tourmalines and chrysolite,
And rubies blushing that they be so fair,
And diamonds playing they be elfin stars,
Bright sapphires like lost fragments of the sky ;
All to a magic fate obedient ;
Now solvent in the flowing emerald,
Clouded and argent, iridescent, gold,
(As 'twere where God got all His jewels from,
Or made, or stored them for great worlds!)
River so over-full of glory there e'er rests
Upon the reverend rising incense-cloud
A bow of sevenfold splendors, such as God
Is used to hang over His bending sky !
Meanwhile from out the awful altar depths
There swell such thunder-tones of psalm as
 seem
Some noble jubilate of the globe !

Before thee, O Niagara, these from far
Long stood in reverent admiration mute ;
Awed by thy majesty, thy mighty praise,
Thy power, they speechless stood. Then did
we see

Them looking up afar, and we did hear
Them to each other hint of what long time
Ago had come to them as rumour strange
Of glories in the far, far heights beyond
The stars.

Surprised into surprising speech,
At last, cried they :

“Lo, triumphing echoes these
Of the voice of a great multitude, the voice
Of many waters ; thunderings of joy —
The joy of harpers harping with their harps,
And chanting their new song before the throne!
Surely these be faint echoes of that praise,
And in these waters we but see the dim
Reflections of the upper glory, where
Dazzle in brightness all ineffable
The golden pavement and the gates of pearl,
The walls of jasper and chalcedony,
Of topaz, sardonyx, and amethyst ;
Fair as a bride that for the bridegroom waits!
Lo, too, the Rainbow round the Throne of
God !”

With throbbing heart thence to the rocky shore
Where restless Ocean seeks to pass her bounds,

We journeyed. Sportive played the sea, as
 when
 A lioness well-fed frisks with her young.
 So while the strong sea lapped and kissed the
 sands,
 Upon her breasts the frolicsome waves did
 play
 In roguish tumbling and diverting chase.
 Now fierce as starvèd lioness for prey,
 Put hard at bay by howling, hounding winds;
 With terrible glare and roar she leaps the
 rocks
 Appalled; leaps wildly back into the main
 And swallows ravenously the venturous craft.
 Ah, pity, now, for such as meet her rage!

Calmly the star-born visitors beheld,
 Pleased with the sea's immensity and power,
 The splendor of her storms, her crystal calm,
 Her gentle undertone of solemn praise,
 Her winds' wild terror, her waves' thunderous
 bass;
 What mad, mad music when the mad sea
 tries!
 Day by sweet day some gentle symphony,
 'Twould lull to sleep the shepherds and their
 flocks;
 Next, merrier music o'er the rolling plain
 Where dance the bright waves as to nature's
 waltz;

Now slow pours by a deep and holy psalm
Angels would listen to with pleasèd ear ;
This turning to a solemn march as though
A triumphing hero with his troop were come ;
Now distant thunders boom and roar and near ;
Now 'tis as though all instruments of sound
Did energetic strike and breathe,—lyre, lute,
Hautboy and bugle, drum and fife and horn,
Trumpet and cornet, organ, cymbal, harp ;
As though through these the winds breathed
angry joy,
As though on those the waves did mightily
drum,
While right and left lightning loud beat the
time !
'Twere worth their while for gods to pause
and hear !

Well pleased our guests with all they saw and
heard ;
Then pointing toward the Sun, with pensive
gaze
They looked on their companions by the sea ;
Nor envy moved us, only wonder grave,
As spake they :

“ Yon fair globe but rolls in fire ;
It hath but one perpetual gulf from pole
To pole, from east to its extremest west,
And from hot centre out upon the plain ;

A very endless torment of huge flame ;
Fire-waves that speeded by the seething blasts
Drive like old Neptune's steeds across the
 seas,
And leap in quenchless pain high in the sky
As yonder moon hangs far above your heads.
Tempests there rage to which these storms are
 calms,
Wherein your Earth would scarce survive a
 day ! ”

We shuddered as they spake ; the groaning
 ground
We stamped, to learn if all were firm and safe ;
Then wondered whether our guests by some
 mishap
Had not in mind those regions of the lost,
Where he of Florence, her exile and her pride,
Was by the shade of gentle Virgil led,
Through dolorous wails and hot Tartarean
 fires.
They caught our wondering, and quick re-
 plied :

“Not Hell, but Heaven's heat glows in yon
 Sun,
His radiant beams warm grateful distant
 spheres,
And to what zones they willing turn towards
 him

He grants the laughing spring and summer
joy ;
To such as else had slept in changeless night
He gives the day enriched by fruitful toil ;
No wonder planets move their smiling cheeks
Toward him for morning kiss ; and by him
drawn
Never from his attractions turn in scorn,
But in his wide embraces glow and sing ! ”

Thus on from scene to scene ; nor angry they,
Nor we, that all so plain and meagre seemed ;
Nay, God be praised His works so wondrous
here
Be thus o’ermatched by grander glories there !
Still, sorrowful we for such long luckless
search,
And tearful they that we were grieved. Yet
forth
To cranching icebergs in the north we passed,
Where Nature vainly travails to the birth,
Whence few return as from the Cyclops’
caves ;
Where e’en the powerful Sun dare not abide,
But as though fearful lest its darkness quench
His light, or coldness freeze his fires, he keeps
His summer off, and circles distantly,
With eyes just peering o’er the horizon’s edge ;
And through long winter leaves it to the
freaks

Where thrives the spindle with th' industrious
wheel ;

Where Vulcan forges with diviner art
For these our late imperial centuries
Such armors and equipments as excel
The strength and beauty of Achilles' shield.

Thence to the conclaves of the great and wise,
Where all the learning of the ancient years
And all that our New Time is thinking of,
In art and science, love and law and life,
Are sorted into various knowledges
And turned to human weal and glory of God.

To these, to all, we lead in vain our guests.
Alas, provincial World, provincial Men,
Provincial Science ! Poor, poor little Earth,
What canst thou show to heavenly visitants ?
What new to such as through star-realms have
searched ?

A trifling hour of travel of the light
Far out of sight leaves thine enfeebled rays.
Thy nations and thy sciences and fames
Are transient as thy quick dissolving clouds.
Those vaster spheres what populations crowd ;
What bulk and weight of star, what ponder-
ous

Great gravities, what virile might of winds
When God turns round His big electric globes !
Who dwell where powers so puissant bear sway

Must have athletic frames and brawny souls,
Be chivalrous in daring, strong of will,
With high prerogatives of help or hurt,
Builders of thrones, of empires and of arts,
Dwarfing our mundane history by feats
Of might and prowess, and of big-brained
heart !

Now thoughts of quick leave-taking filled
their minds ;
Nor planned we for their entertainment more ;
Sad we and they, each for the other's pain.
Yet lingered they and we, unwilling still
To speak the farewell word. Auspicious
pause !

We had been ranging through the Orient
Among the ruins of the power and pride
Of ancient nations ; nor could scarcely tell
Whether to mourn the more o'er cities wrecked
Once glorious in letters, art and war ;
Or over living peoples that were dead
And buried under burdening wrongs ; alas,
All moldered into rottenness and dust
By chemistries more cruel than the grave's !

II

Paused we a while near sacred Salem's walls,—
Jerusalem, the city once so proud,
Now long consigned to her sad hopelessness.

In the vale we stood that separates and joins
The city and Mount Olivet,—they and we
To bid our long Farewell,—when suddenly
Cried one of them :

“ This air is tremulous
With voices strange! ’Tis heavy-laden too
With some great woe; ’tis fragrant with a love
Our orb knew not! Sculptured in it, behold,
A Face, a Form, a Sweetness, and a Strength,
Transcending all pertaining to human kind,
Transcendent in deep beauty—and deep woe!
What aileth it? The very rock He kneels
Against in prayer would soften to a pillow
For that poor aching head! What aileth it?
What aileth us—our vision and our hearts —
That ours should be such weird discovery?
Is it that God hath granted us again
That exquisite subtlety of sense which is
The property of dwellers on our star,
Thus far denied us in our journeying,
So on each world we visit we shall use
Only such powers as Nature there ordains?
Hath He our psychic, supernatural sense
Restored? Sure, Earth hath more than en-
tereth
Provincial eye or ear or thought of men!
The air is filled with awful prodigy;
No such strange atmosphere on other globe;
The very ground doth sweat with tears and
prayers;

And there be signs of angels having been
 About! Their wing-marks verily visible here!
 The elements bear witness to the might
 Wherewith they fortified some ancient Soul
 Of more than manly manliness in strange
 Immeasurable agony! His cries
 Yet quiver in these suffering winds. O, here
 Was something brave and great. Behold,
 These ancient trees will not consent to die,
 E'en now have lived through aged centuries
 To keep alive the tale of love and woe.
 Sure, once this place was very full of God!
 What, what if on this humble sphere we meet
 Some awful Mystery, from ages hid,
 To the intent that now unto the Powers
 And Principalities in heavenly places
 God's manifolded Wisdom be revealed."

He ceased. Nor we, nor his companions
 chose
 To break the spell of the deep stillness; such
 O'erawing spell as one might well-nigh hear!
 It minded one of that wide silence, which
 Through its august supreme half-hour ruled
 Heaven;
 When blast of trumpet blew not, the redeemed
 Ceased singing, and the eternal joy grew mute
 At what the next great seal might open forth!
 So, silent we; silent in wonder grave;
 Silent, alas, for shame; for shame that we,

Unfolding what Earth had illustrious,
Had ne'er rehearsed the story of the Cross
And Him who for our succor died thereon !

Then did we marvel at that heaven-born sense
Whereby our guests saw things invisible,
And found the soundless air replete with
speech ;

All spiritual substances so real
That solar beams mere slanting shadows
seemed,

And solid ground but thin transparent air.
Then knew we that the things we see are not ;
What our crude senses catch not, these abide !
With awe, with pride, we gazed upon our
guests

Clearly with so superior powers endued.
Now how did their majestic forms dilate ;
How tall they grew, colossal, glorious !
What piercing vision, vivid consciousness ;
What quick and delicate privity of thought ;
What radiant glow of ecstasy, and then
Most princely grace and graciousness !
O, can it be most far famed cherubim
Stand forth in more impressive lustrousness ?

Meanwhile, the more effulgent they became,
The more ethereal, invisible ;
To God, though, and their like, most real and
grand.

Now faded they into the subtle, strange,
 Intangibility of angel-substance! Ah,
 How near God seemed to us; and quick
 thought we

Whether this might not be the way He meant
 We men from our mortality should pass
 To life beyond. Sweet would such passage be!
 Not in that racking way our sins made choice;
 Through sickness, anguishes, and death-decay.
 Meant He not rather, when our work was
 done,

And we with happy toil had earned our rest,
 And more and more like Him had grown, it
 should

Be ours to melt away into the heavenly light,
 Soul-life dissolving this our sensuous,
 And we before the faces of fond friends
 Pass unto our divine beatitudes?

Ay, sweetly fading into brighter light!
 Fading—as fades brown bud into fair flower;
 Fading—as fades a sorrow into joy;
 Fading—as moaning fades into rich song;
 Fading—as fades dim twilight to broad day!
 Fading? Let death fade to immortality!

Now midst this radiant transformation scene,
 What gentle voices brake upon our hearts
 As listening joy gat o'er her first surprise.
 First sad and soft, a plaintive aria,
 With wonder filled and pleased bewilderments;

Then tender requiems blent with anthemed
joy ;

When, as with clearer light the rapture grew,
A song burst forth men might attempt in vain.
Some angels must have flown down from the
sky,

And myriad heavenly strangers joined their
choir !

A most delicious tumult of such praise,
As though from all the radiant spheres our
guests

Had visited had floated hither strains
Of their selectest melodies ; as though
The ancient songs of God's bright Morning
Stars

Had fallen in pieces, and come quivering down,
A shower of shining, singing meteors !

Soon, though, we heard the wondering stran-
gers speak,

Both they and we by reverent awe subdued.
And it did seem that great Invisibles
Ineffable thoughts did give to them, which they
Might scarce interpret to themselves. Still
were

By us the Unbeholden well-nigh seen ;
So close our fellowship and touch with Seers !

We meanwhile silent, only at times impelled
Our wondering praise in broken lays to sing ;

Silent and awed, as on that ancient night,
That Holy Night,⁽²⁾ when 'God's and the
World's own Babe

Was born. Hushed grew the angel-cry; then
hushed

The noiseful Earth as God a Babe became.
Glad Joseph walking, walked not; o'er the cave
The Star stood; this the rest observing held
Their stedfast places in th' adoring sky!

Who ate, ate not. Dear nursing lambs but
touched

The dripping udders of the bleating dams
To taste not, musing in some tender way
Of the dear spotless Lamb of God, just born,
In sacrifice to die! E'en birds of night,
Owl, hawk, unreverent bat, in mid-air hung,
As though in wonder what their fate, when
the Light

Of the World should bid the Darkness flee!
Waters

Of brook and billow, fountains and falling
rains,

On the instant paused, in honor of the Life
That in its depths and breadths was Fountain
pure

Wherein the World should bathe, and cleansèd
be!

This, then, we heard the wondering wanderers
say:

“Alas, poor World, what hath behappened
thee ?

What pensive joy hath thee so beautified ?
What holy bitterness hath sweetened thee ?
What awful Presence doth this spot invade ?
What angel wings have stirred this sensitive
air ?

What story, venerable Trees, have ye
Outlived great centuries to tell ? Survive
Shall ye till the All-Master come again ?
Will live so He may once again, not bow
In tears, but stand full-height your branches
glad

Among, and once again His enemies
Forgive, and bless those years ago, wherein
For sins of men He groaned in travail-pains ?
Will stand, scarred Olives, till He come again ?
Will stand until His triumph be complete ?
Will stand till Earth by fire be glorified,
And every vestige of the curse be gone,—
Save sacred wounds whereby Earth's wounds
are healed.”

What aileth thee, poor troubled Earth ?
Why heaves thy bosom so ?
Dost bear the burden of what mirth,
The sweetness of what woe ?

What aileth thee, thou quivering Air ?
Art brushed by Angel wing ?
What moves thee now to sad despair,
And now with joy to sing ?

Ye aged Olives, strangely strong,
 What griefs have weighed ye down?
 What grace maintained ye all along
 These ages of renown?

Surely, how dreadful is this place!
 God hath borne burden here?
 Take off thy shoes, low bow thy face;
 Worship with reverent fear!

“Let us around this fateful spot. Perchance
 Some new adventure may befall us. See,
 Whither may lead these footprints? Wearied
 was
 The traveller, and travailing painfully.
 Here bent His knees in prayer; and here as
 though
 Some baleful burden bent Him down. He went
 Into the Temple; was He Priest? To th’ Pal-
 ace;
 Was He King? Thence out to Calvary;
 Was it to see some ruffian tortured? Here
 Be signs He dragged a cross up after Him;
 Shall He make sure the villain die; intent
 Upon it so Himself will carry it
 Though He shall faint upon the way? Re-
 venge!
 —Ay, here have been divine revenges! He
 His own cross carried—and the sins of many!
 He on Himself did lay the sins of all.
 —How dreadful is this place! True God was
 here.

“Sure once this place was full of God ; and He,
Himself, must have been very full of God !
O, ne’er on other worlds such spectacle ;
Ne’er wickedness so venturous in revolt ;
Nor Love so amorous of self-sacrifice
She had quite died had death denied her been.
By sin was Love here pinioned to the Cross,
And pinioned fast and dead most regnant
proved !

“Lo, now before us Vision rare and grand ;
The Cross ! The Cross on which the Anointed
died !

Lo, now the Cross, spectral at first, and dread ;
Carved out full clearly to our view ; on it
Hangs One so like and yet so unlike man !
Nature has ne’er recovered from the shock
Of that great tragedy ; and where the two
Stout timbers crossed, and towards the frown-
ing sky

Held up the self-uphelping Son of God,
The conscious elements with horror struck
Have taken form of awful Crucifix
And glorious Christ ; shocked, frozen, crys-
talled hard

Into exactest copy ; here to stand
While this sad world shall last ; immovable,
Unwasting under wear of years ; nor bows
To winds ; nor knows dissolving rains ; nor
heeds

The burning sun, or smiles, or tears of men!
 Grim, cold and hard, it stands forever—the
 Cross,—

Man put that up; rigid and firm it stands;
 Only it shudders with the thought how once
 It heaved beneath the tremor of the Christ
 In lonesome death; but the image of Christ
 thereon,

This ever glows with grace and peace divine;
 Forevermore it weeps and loves and prays:
 ‘Father, forgive, they know not what they
 do!’

Sweet and o’ercoming prayer He oft had
 prayed;

Lo, wearied Nations look to Him, and live!

III

“But Nature here will not, and cannot, stay
 Her grief. In that high urgent hour when her
 Dear Lord yielded His affluent life for man,
 She groaned aloud, and with vast horror
 shook.

Too dazed she was to see the midday sun,
 And so bereft of nerve that e’en the dead
 Did take advantage of her straits, and they
 Who through starvations, poisons, pestilence,
 Or crucifixions, or most wild despairs,
 Had lost all strength, did stronger prove than
 she;

And open burst the rock-locked sepulchres;

And wondering wandered through the wondering streets.

Not o'er her grief hath Nature gotten yet ;
Lo, 'neath this Wonder-Cross she weepeth still.

Where Mary knelt, and wrung her hands as
woe

Did wring her heart, poor Nature lingers now,
An aged form, bowed down with years and tears ;

And as she kneels, forward and backward
bends ;

And on her head unceasingly she casts
The funeral ashes of her burned-up hopes ! ”

O then what woe our inmost spirits stirred
As they and we her lamentations heard.

“ Woe ! Woe is me ! Why am I punished
thus ?

Why hath thus perished my beloved Son ?

For mine was He as well as God's dear Son !

O, what did I, bereavèd thus to be ?

Why did I bear Thee, Christ ? Why nourish
Thee

Upon the swelling bosom of my joy ?

Why feed Thee tenderly only to make

Thee fat for sacrifice ? Poor Child, had I

But died, quenching Thy life ere yet Thou
light

Beheldest ! Had I Herod's sword let smite,
Thou would'st have smiled upon its keen
bright flash !

Why let I live the wicked sons of men,
Who, needing Thee, would still mistreat Thee
so,

And nail Thy blessed body to the Cross?
O, why made I to grow the fateful trees
Whose timbers should be forced to such base
use ?

Since that Dark Day, the Aspen hath not
got

Over her shivering fright at the sad sight ;
Whilst yet grow trees that held Him to His
death ;

Cedar, His feet ; the body, Cyprus, tall ;
The Palm, His hands ; Olive, His title mock, ⁽³⁾
*'Ιμσοῦς ὁ Βασιλεὺς τῶν 'Ιουδαίων ! **

“Thou cruel Wood, what gave thee strength
to uphold

So weighty a crime, so weighty a sufferer,
Such weight of tortured love ? Why took'st
not fire

From men's hot passion, from Christ's burning
love,

With flame-swords scaring His tormentors off ?
Infelix lignum ! Pectus infelix ! †

* “Jesus, the King of the Jews ! ”

† “Unhappy Wood ! Unhappy Heart ! ”

Ah, wretched me! Thou blundering, cruel
Spear,
How could'st thou, though great Rome did
press thee hard,
Thus wanton press into the sore-hurt heart
Of that dear Sufferer, and not at once
Lose all thy steely hardness and dissolve
In love? O, wretched me, to have such
part
In such most wretched work!

“But this I did;
When unto me was handed back my dear
Dead Child, my murdered Lord, though by
Rome's seal
Imperial the tomb was closed, I held
So lightly down the massive slab it must
Quick yield to the most delicate angel-touch;
And forth He came, alive, illustrious, strong
To upraise a great dead world from out its
grave!
And when, His mission ended, He returned
To Heaven, my most resplendent clouds I
called
To be His fitting chariot and steeds,
Immantled with superbest draperies;
And over them the sun His rainbows hung;
And round about them angels flung their
praise.
O, they did vie with the transplendencies

Of the Pearl-Gates through which He conquer-
ing passed,
Hailed King of Kings, and august Lord of All !

“ Yes, and some day He shall come back
again ;
The worlds shall own Him then, all their
bright host ;
Then shall my echoing thunders welcome Him
With triumphing salute heard round the globe !
Not the full-orbèd sun shall light the world
Enough ; my lightnings round His feet shall
play ;
My fair cloud-steeds and chariots shall con-
duct
Him down, and to His throne ! Ay, as He
went,
So in like manner shall He come again.
Even so, Lord Jesus ; quickly come ! Amen.”

Lo, Nature will not yet, though, o'er her
grief ;
Her tears fall full abundant as the rains ;
Still sits she down beneath this mystic Cross ;
Low bows her head ; and moaning, o'er it
casts
Unceasingly her ashes of despair !

“ Poor Me, poor Me ! To nurse so sweet a
Child,

Vicarious victim of so woeful wrongs!
Strange fortune mine. First He gave life to
me;

Then I to Him; this then I rudely wrenched
From Him; when He in turn gave ampler
life

To me. O, most unfortunate fortune mine;
Would my misfortune might as fortunate be!
—Alas, my head grows crazèd with my heart,
And midst my hopes I cannot stay my tears!

“O Walls of Salem! Share with me my woe;
Nor builded be; nor echoing with shout
Of happy habitant! And ye surrounding
Hills,

Once mirthful with the vineyard’s dance and
joy,
Cease bearing now, I pray. The world else-
where

Shall bloom with beauty; but, O Hills and
Vales

Of Palestine, that at your Master’s smile
Once thrilled, O Fields that once rejoiced to
give

Refreshment to the wearied Son of Man,
I pray, let no fruit grow on ye henceforth;
Only our weeds of mourning let us wear.

Ay, let’s to our Gethsemane awhile!

Here watch with me while I shall weep and
pray.

God! God! Where be Thy strengthening
 angels now,
 To help me say: 'Thy will, not mine be
 done'?"
 Thus bitterly did Nature vent her woe.

IV

"Ah, would we were but angels," (thus we
 heard
 The Voices from this scene ineffable,
 "Would we were gifted angels, through this
 night
 So dark, so long, of struggle and of prayer,
 To give thee solace, Mother! We would wipe
 Thy tears, would mingle sweetness in thy cup,
 Would nourish thee unto such patient hope,
 That through love's fond and firm expectan-
 cies
 Thy cup's black dregs should smack of luscious-
 ness!

"Nature, thou knowest not, nor thou, O Man,
 The amplitude of meaning in the Cross;
 Nor we, nor angels know, though they through
 all
 These years into its mysteries have searched.
 None know it well, nor can; the anguish of 't,
 Nor yet the anguish it grandly heals;
 Man's stupid wrath, nor Christ's wise ways of
 love;

Man's depths of woe, nor his exaltedness ;
The glory he threw away, nor the new crown
The Lord doth crown him with ; the acrid gall,
The wine of human love turned sour which sin
Made the forgiving Christ to drink ; all this
We may not comprehend. We only know
That, better than the fabled fountain sought
In realms remote in vain, He opened up
In man's own breast the fount whose healing
flow —

Too often sealed by blundering self-thought —
Reclaims from most importunate disease,
Transforms a very ugliness to grace,
And palsied age to brave immortal youth.
We only know, that as fair Thetis, 'gainst
Olympus' laws, the dead Patroclus wrapped
In rare ambrosia of the gods, to save
From grave and worm, for honored funeral-
pyre

And worthy obsequies, his godlike form ;
So Christ in a retaliation most
Complete for His most bitter draught, brought
Heaven's

Own precious nectar down, not 'gainst the
laws,

But all accordantly with God's decree ;
And with it He did wash the ugly wounds
And quench the thirst of dying enemies,
Nursing them up to everlasting life !
O, for a brave, kind man a man might die ;

Christ baffles death in dying for His foes;
 Transforming hate to wondering laud and
 love!

“O, Love, who made thee? and of what?
 Report

Thyself. Art hero, daughter, mother, priest,
 Of what god? Whence thy way of balancing
 Accounts? Such sweetness for man’s bitter
 gall;

The murder of God’s Son repaying thus
 With joyous immortality on high?

Ah, Love, tell, tell us, were thy tears quite
 meant

Thou sheddest over sin, and suffering Christ?
 Was not thy woe seasoned with a faint bliss?
 Did’st thou not joy and triumph in the threat
 Of such most sweet revenges? Tell us, Love,
 Who happy gave thee birth? Who art thou?
 Speak!

Since God is Love, is Love then very God?

Or, if He hath His God, is it thou, Love?

O, if awearied He doth ever grow

With the forced prayers and praises of the
 world,

By its unwholesome incense suffocate,

And, deafened by its praying gong and horn,

Exclaim out of fatigue divine: ‘I, too,

Would seek my sweet refreshment in a prayer!’

O Sovereign Love, shall He not look to thee?

“Ay, what is Worship? Is it but to watch
The sky for vespers, and the waking cock
To crow the hour when men may matins say?
Is it to burn so many candles hour
By hour? Is it to wear a sorry look
In this bright world, and starve oneself at
fasts;

When sin the rather needs be starved out,
And God were better pleased were men but
pleased

With what He gives them richly to enjoy?
Is 't worship of the holy Lord to measure off
So many yards of stuff for vestments, ay,
Of stuff? The prayers men heedless mouth,
the hymns

They sing for admiration, or perchance
Pay for, only to grumble afterwards:
‘The choir did murder them;’ or, ‘Now let’s
clap

This Miserere! Bravely done!’ Alas,
To clap a dirge! to encore a requiem
That hymns the sacred sorrows of the Lord;
Immortal love in mortal agonies!

“These be but stuff, not worship. Never so
Doth great Jehovah. But to pray, to praise,—
If these consist in holy reverence
And noble pity and strong helpfulness,
In joy o’er all that’s good, mercy for them
That sin, life-giving for life-taking, one

Supreme devotion to the supreme good,
In worthy love of what unlovely is,
In seeking but to bless; then sweet, strong
 Love,

O, if there be some mystic worship which
The Lord would pay, it sure must be to thee!

“Nay, Nature, thou yet knowest not, nor
 Man,

Nor Angel, the deep purposes of Love;
The infinite intentions of the Cross.

Illustrious disclosure this, of grace,
Of worship, service, admirable God!

In place of servile enemies He dies;
His life they spoil in one short cruel hour
Good quittance pleads for murderous cen-
 turies;

The blood demanded 'gainst all laws of men
Makes satisfaction to the laws divine;
Man's spear of wrath transfixes Christ to
 death,

Christ's spear of love transfigures man to life!
Man stretched far out the arms of anguished
 Christ,

Thereby to nail Him firmlier to the wood;
'So be,' saith Love, 'stretch them to th' utter-
 most,

So they embrace wide scattered sons of men!
Type evermore of sacrifice! God will
Not leave the chrism of pain to man alone;

He too will share the sacrament of tears.
Blameless and pure, His Son bears sins of
men ;

Dies, glorious sacrifice, upon the Tree ;
Lo, Nature dies for nature, man for man,
Now for them both Christ craves the cruel
Cross !

No world of goodlier gods to suffer for,
He hastes to make inhuman man divine ;
And taking on Himself the mortal form,
All the more godlike strikes the wondering
worlds !

“ O, hath this not divine significance ?
Hath God for Pontine Marshes more regard
And favor than for healthful Alban Hills ?
Have fevers their contagion ; hath not love ?
Will creatures not love's choice infection catch,
Most welcome plague with sure, sweet fatal-
ness ?

O, wholesome Pestilence, would the sick
world

Infected were by thee, by thee ! Ah, yes,
If fevers be contagious why not love ?
O, if God strike some wondrous harmony,
And it go on resounding through the earth,
Shall forests, bending skies, and rocky heights,
And old dead walls of houses tenantless,
All have their echoes ; but shall Souls have
none ?

Or, will not all respond in grateful praise,
 Until ere long the wide Creation falls
 Into august unisonance of psalm ?

“ Ay, who hath gauged the might of godlike
 Love ?

Hath she not braver, swifter wing than Light,
 And power to melt where sun-heat shall but
 chill ?

Kindleth she not a kindlier, kinglier spring,
 Making new worlds resplendent with new
 grace ?

The distant heavens feel thy glow, O Love,
 And the benign and blest infection take.
 The burning constellations of the sky
 Are moved by an unenvying jealousy,
 And, since on this but half-illumined orb
 With alternating night and day the sign,
 The Sign by which God conquers, stands erect,
 And not on them ; their most resplendent gems
 They choose, and by strange art inspired they
 group

In figure cruciform ; and far aloft,
 Adown, abroad, blazes the Southern Cross,
 Outshining and eternal, signaling
 God’s Banner over all the world is Love ! ”

Regions Unknown, the Equator far beyond,
 ’Mongst whose chill splendors screams the Albatross,
 Tell me of what ye be most proudly fond.

“ The Pole-Star of the Cross ! ”

O Southern Seas, will deign to tell me how
Your mariners, whose barks your winds wild toss
By night, know whither to bend the anxious prow?
"The Pole-Star is the Cross!"

Ye deep entangled Southern Forests, say,
When on me buried in your mire and moss
Weird dark comes down, how may I find my way?
"The Pole-Star is the Cross!"

Spectral Auroras of the Southern Pole,
Of your transcendent glories hint the cause;
What, and why, guard ye with night's bright patrol?
"The Pole-Star of the Cross!"

Ye glittering giant Glaciers, Ice-Peaks stern,
Earth's utmost zone ye wondrously emboss
With fearful splendors! What will have me learn?
"The Pole-Star is the Cross!"

Far off beyond the utmost stretch of thought,
God's symbol in you heavens ever draws
The reverent eye; and timorous trust is taught
The Pole-Star is the Cross.

For joy and safety on life's pilgrim way,
For sacred triumph in each sacred cause,
For patience till the Christ o'er all hath sway,—
The Pole-Star is the Cross!

Midnight is past; the Cross begins to bend!
(Mongst ancient legends this a favorite clause,)
Thou pointest whither God's old Prophets kened:
The Pole-Star is the Cross!

Midnight is past! But long as darkness stays
That faithful sentinel ne'er once withdraws;
Loyal it stands for every wanderer's gaze—
True Pole-Star of the Cross!

Shine on! Shine on! Cross of the Southern Sky!
 Right triumphs still; Wrong only meets with loss;
 The Conquering Sign reveals God's victory nigh!
 Hail! Pole-Star of the Cross!

“ Nay, not yet is God's purpose of the Cross
 Full known, nor its immense enkindling power,
 Its wise, imperial reach and rescue; nor
 The under, upper, inter-worlds it saves.
 What this great World's made up of none
 may know;
 A complex thing; wheels within wheels; in
 these
 Yet more; each hath its orbit; all agree;
 Worlds underlie each other, and within;
 (As once the rapt Augustine said: ‘ *Major*
In magnis, maximus in minimis! ’ *)
 Involved, distinct; within the ugly, fair;
 Immense in small; great soul-worlds right in
 clay;
 A myriad glad concurrent interspheres;
 Unconscious each of other's life and touch;
 Times, spaces, lives, all multiple in one!

“ No ear so keen as to o'erhear a vision;
 No arm so strong as to embrace a flavor;
 No thirsting lips may feed upon a perfume;
 No eye behold the clanging battle-sound!
 Space is not measure of eternity.

* “ Greater in great, greatest in least.”—AUGUSTINE.

Crowd God in a dungeon, He'll crowd worlds
in there,

As sometimes He packs æons into days!

Where mountains rise roll seas invisible;

Where armies fight the mystic dance goes on;

Mid forest shades an unseen city's hum;

'Neath winter snows spring burrows teasingly;

Where sorrow sighs, oft hides jocund surprise;

Where darkness reigns a thousand suns be
bright;—

The Lord of Hosts well-nigh bewildering!

The world o'erflows with fullness; naught is
void;

Other-world voices fill earth's silences;

Where naught appears stand God's illustrious
hosts;

Great world of worlds, and worlds in worlds
are His!⁽⁴⁾

“O, know that God is greater than His
works;

Know well that only He is infinite;

That nowhere is there perfect flower or fruit,

That nowhere yet is perfect plant or man,

Or worm, or songful bird, or radiant sun;

For fairest forms He can new fairness find,

For noblest psalms more tuneful harmonies,

For grandest constellations nobler spheres,

For highest seraph heavenlier dignities,

For heaven stronger angels, saintlier saints;—

Only the Lord, His Christ, His Spirit, infinite!
 His glory this, His works age after age
 Still grander grow in glad approach towards
 Him.

In godlike sons godlikeness thriftliest grows.

“O, know that God is greater than His
 works;

Know well that as there be deep under-realms
 Of things, and over-realms, and realms far
 out,

(Beyond the farthest e'en yet farther shine!)
 So when thou thinkest to have found out Him,
 Though the eternal years thy quadrant be,
 There be great unexplorèd firmaments
 Of Deity, vast solemn underworlds
 Of God; of God in God; of God outside
 Of God; (why marvel at the thought of Three
 In One?) earth's very emptinesses full
 Of Deity; its crowded fullnesses
 For Him yet finding room! Space cramps
 Him, time

Constricts Him, love and justice do; that is,
 What men call such, not He, tapers beside
 The glowing sun! And yet what blame hath
 He!

Infinite God, what breadth of Being Thine!
 What depths of lore, law, love; unsearchable
 Thy judgments, and Thy ways past finding
 out!

“ O, think, ye Men, that ye may measure all
He meaneth in this mighty, matchless deed,
Wherein He makes incarnate His dear Son ;
Allies Him to your weak and guilty race ;
Lets hunger harry Him ; lets enemies
Oppress Him, friends betray, and fiends
 malign
From Hell try most unusual artifice ;
Lets death close fast those eyes, those tender
 eyes,
That ne'er could close themselves to human
 need ;—
O, sealed so tight-shut even God is hid,
And out upon the darkness all around
The deeper inward darkness cries, ‘ My God !
My God ! why hast Thou too forsaken Me ? ’
Lo, Nature lifts her anguish-cry e’en yet
Before this mystic Cross ; ‘ Why suffered I
Such suffering to fall on Thee, my Child ? ’ ”

Thus to our hearts attent and marvelling
Interpreted our friends invisible
The things they learned, knowing full well
 how we
With eager mind besought the Lord for light,
And grasped for this new learning. Now a
 deep
And awful silence gathered round ; nor sound
Was there of whisper, or the rustle soft
Of robes and wings unseen. Nature, alert,

Deep reverent stillness kept. The silence long.
Then in low-murmuring voice one ventured
speech.

“Auguster Presence here! More wondrous
woe!

Somehow One seemeth to grieve more, e'en
He,

The Eternal Father of the Eternal Son!

As though on Him hath fallen an infinite
pain!

O, of His woe, His woe ineffable,

This hallowed scene is conscious. Hear we
not

A godlike sorrow godlikely suppressed?

Silent be we when the Eternal Love,

The eternal Wisdom, hath His thought to
speak!”

And now no more heard we our Visitors,

Save as at times they joined in reverent
psalm.

V

Silent be our worship now,
As before the Lord we bow,
Scarcely lifting reverent brow!

Open be our ears to hear
As Jehovah draweth near;
Inmost prayer and praise sincere.

What if He have godlike pain
O'er the blessèd Saviour slain,
Slain for sons of men in vain!

From the heavens cometh He,
Robed in might and majesty.
Holy One, we worship Thee!

O the splendors of His face!
Holy, holy, is this place
With the glories of His grace!

Lord! Behold us lowly kneeling;
To Thy mercy, Lord, appealing!
Waiting for Thy holy healing!

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all holy hosts adored!
Reverent we attend Thy Word!

“Attend, my Star-born; and Mine Earth-
born, hear!

And thou, most patient Nature, whose birth-
pangs

The heart of thy Creator move! Hear ye
My holy purpose in the solemn griefs
Of struggling, stumbling ages, all to Me
A pained delight and a delighted pain;
As the imperfect towards the perfect strains,
Weakness matures to might, and ill to good!

“Ye first, or latest born, basest or best,
Ye ever forgotten of your Lord;
O, ever loved and served and borne-with;
hear

Your Maker and your Father's mindful heart !
 Nor woe, nor joy of your evolving lives,
 But He insists on having His full share.
 —The luxury of Godhead is to love !

“First, Nature, My Voice hear ! Hear Him
 who made
 Thee ! Be it likewise Mine to feel with thee !
 My Well-Beloved, My Son, before all worlds
 Was He, of Me, with Me, was with Me One !
 Not false spake He, ‘I AM !’ Fairer was
 He
 Than the effulgent stars. In Him there dwelt
 More might than holds up the sphere-weighted
 skies.
 To bear least semblance to His matchless grace
 Were angel's proudest joy. Well weepst
 thou,
 Dear Nature, that thy bosom, nursing Him,
 Nursed them that nailed Him to the cruel
 Tree !

“Alas, 'twas Mine to hold My lightnings back
 Vaulting to dash upon His murderers ;
 To check the earth's hot anger, so ne'er
 quaked
 It for the city's overthrow. 'Twas Mine
 To feed their life while they nursed wicked-
 ness ;
 To keep still stiff the half-reluctant spear ;

To be, Myself, the immament God in steel
And sneer and Jewish brain and Roman
power ;
Myself Mine own Son's slayer !

“O, through all
The ageless æons never was it Mine
To see, to bear, to do such work ; Mine own
Life sharpened into pointed spear to pierce
The gentle Christ-heart of My blessed Son !
Then I with Him the sins of many bare !
On Him were laid a world's iniquities ;
His deepest soul an offering was for sin ;
'Twas Mine with His hard bruising to be
pleased ;
Nor might I turn one blow, nor ease one pain !
While He, heroic, drank the vital wine,
'Twas Mine to keep unto the uttermost
The life in Him, the willing tortured life ;
Mine to be life of all this death to Him.
O, infinite grief of Mine, to keep the world
Still moving on, with such strange madness
mad ;
Nations and ages bent on ruthless war ;
O, infinite grief, to hold the sun above,
While wide and far my sons the blood-tide
press ;
To spread over the earth the placid night,—
Protesting covert for deep-counselling crime !
Now Mine, alas, to have to do with this

Most deepest baseness, this most highest guilt;
To let this tragedy be acted out,
And hold in check the vehement worlds that
 would
Hurl themselves white-hot 'gainst such fla-
 grant deed!

“ Yet would He yield His life up so He might
Lost life restore, diviner life impart,
And ransom be for sinful sons of men.
He would unmurmuring to the slaughter go,
And sorrow, His and Mine, were joy if but
My wearied wanderers wander back to Me!
May the rude spear that opened great Christ's
 heart
So forth therefrom the precious life-blood
 poured,
But pierce mayhap the hard-closed hearts of
 men,
That into them may flow this spillèd life
Of love! By torn hands to unfeeling Cross
He clings, so men with stronger grasp may cling
To Him! Between two thieves He hangs, so
 men
Though thieves and outcasts may His pardons
 hear.
My face I hid from His deep-anguished soul,
So His full gaze on men might tender turn.
And yet, ah Me, that I consent must give
To th' murder of My Son!

“Strange heartless Earth,
Right well know I thy sin, have cause to
know ;
Into My soul hath passed a grief thou ne'er
Can'st understand ; nor may'st thou compre-
hend

How Deity can suffer, th' Infinite
Have pain ; how e'en apparent failure face
The Almighty ; nor can'st thou begin to tell
What Infinite, Divine, Eternal, be.
From My Incarnate learn what thought thou
may'st

Of God ; and know into his heart hath passed
A pain divinely strange and great. Therefore,
I plead, how could'st thou My great majesty
Affront, and slaying My dear Son, offend
My might and love ? How fall from thy fine
height

Of virtue, innocence and beauty ? How
Could'st wreck immortal fortune for a short
Day's joy ? How grieve thy Lord to gratify
His enemy, and thine ? How fill thy years
On earth with sin and shame, thy years beyond
With death eternal ? How do such great
wrong

My well-beloved Son must needs make haste
Unto thy rescue, and Himself become
(He, favorite of angels, Wonderful,
The Counsellor, the mighty Prince of Peace),
Thy victor's victim, dying for thy sake ?

“But, lo, I bid thee stand, hope, live, o’ercome.
 Lo, I condemn thee not ; go, sin no more.
 Deem Me not slow to grant My Son His prayer
 To die for thee. His choice it was. Such
 bliss

Had not been His before,—a sacrifice
 For guilt. ‘Lo, in the book ’tis writ of Me ;
 I come, I come to do Thy will, O God !’
 Think not He with reluctance died. Love, all
 Spontaneous, ne’er conscious is of what
 Men deem a self-denial and a cross.
 For thee, by thee, Man, on lone Golgotha,
 Was He transfixed ; but, far more bitter
 draught

Had He found heaven’s sweetest waters than
 Gethsemane’s ; the praise of angel hosts
 More rankling than the mob’s wild jeers ;
 The gemmèd crown more painful than the
 thorns ;

The sovereign sceptre heavier in His hands
 Than cross rough-mortised by the blundering
 rage

Of Jew and Roman, though beneath it sank
 His world-upholding might ; more anguishful
 Than nails of iron had proven golden throne ;
 All this had He not hastened from the joy,
 The golden praise and splendor, to redeem
 Earth’s perishing souls, and wasting lives and
 hopes !

His feet unhasting in their speed, His hands

Unurgent of their rescue, had been pierced
By painfuller nails ; His heart unthrobbing
whilst

They perished miserably, had felt a spear
More poignant ; and His head unmindful how
To rescue, had been pressed by thornier thorns
Of disencrowning crown !

“ O, for sweet Christ

This thought, this hope, was His most infinite
joy.

For Him, for Me, easy to bear what bonds
Would set My children free. New triumphs
ours —

To enter into sad Humanity ;
To feel and heal its burdens and its sins ;
So only most divine ! Once scoffers said :
‘ Others He saved, Himself He could not save.’
The wretched falsehood true ! Far firmlier
was

He pinioned to that Cross by love than those
Three merciless spikes. Nor man, nor God, 'is
free,

Save in the larger freedom found in bonds
Of love. He must die. Choice was His, and
not.

One is your Master, Man, e'en Christ ; and He
Hath His true Master, even Love. Ay, since
Both He and Love be one, He is, Himself,
Servant and Master, both, and either free

As other well obeyed. Not to save men
Were to deny Himself ; and whosoe'er
Denies Him loseth heaven—be he who
He may ! Such sacrifice unasked ! Nor would,
Nor could He spare Himself the tears, the
tomb,
The tortures of the Garden and the Tree.
Others He saved, Himself He could not
save !

“Others He saved, Himself He could not
save !

While to that wood the coarse nails held Him
fast,

The great globe angrily did pull on Him,
Tearing yet more those kind alms-laden palms.
O, all earth's gravities did draw on Him ;
The wooded mountains where He oft had
prayed ;

The fertile fields His feet had glorified ;
The wrathful sea He calmed ;—all drew on
Him !

No flower whose graceful beauty He had
preached

Most gracious sermon from but drew on Him ;
No ailing frame He'd gladdened with new
health,

Or surprised vision of the sun, or sound
Of friendly voices, but now drew on Him ;
The very winds, inspired with joy, that sped

Fast round the world, perfumed with breath
of love,
Freighted with benedictions, drew on Him,
All the great Globe did angrily draw on Him,
Tearing so sore those kind alms-laden palms !

“ Ay, this He minded not. But on Him ground
The sins and sorrows of My Children. That
Nigh passed endurance of His sensitive soul,
The thought of earth’s deep penetrative sin,
Her multitudinous woes ; so though the large
Diviner Spirit in Him His true prayer
Essayed, ‘ Nevertheless, My Father, not
My will, but Thine be done ’ ; the man-heart
cried,

‘ If possible, let this cup pass from Me ! ’
Not sin in Him,—such broken-heartedness !
No sob of infant, not one dungeon groan,
Not one hair-whitening fright, not one outcry
Of despoiled purity, not one great heave
Of heart for rest, not one impassioned prayer
For pardon, not one frenzied shriek from
midst
Hot lustful flames, not one low-sighed com-
plaint,
But drew on Him ! The mighty anguishes
Of armèd hosts battalioned ’gainst or for
The Wrong, did draw on Him ! The pomp of
pride,
The lusts of fleshliness, the heartlessness

Of hate, the brave souls vanquished foolishly,
 Long ages of oppression, æons drunk
 With strife ; O, these did draw on Him !
 For this became He Son of Man. In Him
 No comeliness ; no beauty to desire ;
 Of men despised, rejected, One with grief
 Acquaint ; from whom their face was hid, and
 Mine !
 Smitten of Me, they deemed ; but wounded
 deep
 For their transgressions ; and His chastisement
 Their peace ; His stripes their health ; on Him
 by Me
 Were laid the iniquities of all. He bare
 The sins of many ; for transgressors prayed.
 O, all this world did angrily draw on Him,
 Tearing so sore those kind alms-laden palms ! ”

“ O My Father ! O My Father !
 Dark death hath o'ertaken Me !
 Press Me sore earth's sins and sorrows,
 Why hast Thou forsaken Me ? ”
 Lo, the Son of God outrying
 In an infinite distress ;
 Ὁ θεός μου, Ὁ θεός μου,*
 Εἰς τί με ἐγκατέλιπες ;

* “ Ἡό, Θεός μου, Ἡό, Θεός μου,
 Εἰς τί μέγκατέλιπές ? ”

St. Mark's Aramaic for St. Matthew's Greek of our Saviour's “ My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ? ”

“O My Father! O My Father!
 Why hast Thou forsaken Me?”
 Wake, my Soul, from slumber waken,
 To this Cry quick waken thee!
 In day's midnight cries an Anguish,
 That may crave thy kind caress;
 'Ο θεός μου, 'Ο θεός μου,
 Εἰς τί με ἐγκατέλιπες;

Jesu! Jesu! To Thy bosom
 Thou hast often taken me;
 To my heart I clasp Thee, bind Thee;
 Who could have forsaken Thee?
 In Thy Father's hiding hide Thee,
 In Thine own strong tenderness!
 'Ο θεός μου, 'Ο θεός μου,
 Εἰς τί με ἐγκατέλιπες;

Lord, on me let fall this darkness,
 Let Thine angers break on me;
 In Thy mercy for His mercy
 Let not Love forsaken be!
 Not for His sake, 'tis for my sake
 Cries He in divine distress;
 'Ο θεός μου, 'Ο θεός μου,
 Εἰς τί με ἐγκατέλιπες;

VI

“Yet ne'er so pleased, ne'er so triumphant
 He
 As in dear thought of this great Sacrifice.
 And ne'er such anthemed praise among the
 ranks
 Of heaven beholding. Shall the infinite
 Be added to? And yet more golden shone

The golden throne ; more glorious glowed all
round

The infinite splendor ; more seraphic grew
Seraphic song ; diviner seemed My own
Eternal reign !

“ O Children of My love,
To you looks He for recompense. · Yours
now

The power, the honor, to enrich the Christ
Who for you made Himself so poor. Almost
Exchange of Godhead makes He with you !
He

To you prostrates Himself in prayer for aid,
And love, and life ! Behold, those wounded
hands

Will heal, if ye but let them bind your wounds !
Those bleeding feet will bleed no more, if ye
Will bid them on glad errands speed for your
Deliverance ! That piercèd, bleeding brow,
If ye but press it with your penitent kiss,
Will feel reviving pressure of a crown
Divine ! That grieved, sin-stabbèd heart will
feel

No anguish more, nay, but will throb with
joy

Unknown before, if ye will let one drop
Of its life-giving blood fall on your woe !
Let Love have love ; let Life give life once
more !

“ And so contented I with His most sweet
Content, most passionate passion, for men to
die.

Perchance the world at thought of Christ's
pure love;

Perchance the world at sight of My deep grief;

Perchance in keen compassion for our tears;

Perchance shocked into bitter penitence

At thought that into Deity they drave

The instruments of pain whose inmost life

And power were immanent, conscious, loving
God;

Perchance reflecting how in all earth's sins

My woes were greater than the woes of men;

How I, e'en I, all life pervasive through,

Am hard coerced by mutinous man's caprice

Into a confraternity of ill;—

Perchance by this the world's rough conscience
shall

Be moved, shall pity My sore pity, grow

In love with love, learn the sweet painlessness

Of pain in kindness borne, the strong life
gained

When strongly given, the worth of wealth
well-won,

The world cast off more affluently gained,

The boomerang quality of charity,

Inflows of God with outflows of good-will.

My Christ hath made His best investments
here!

“ Nature, pray weep no more, nor thou, nor I.
 This sumptuous love earns sumptuous reward.
 Christ of the travail of His soul shall see,
 And be well satisfied. This earth, so much
 Forgiven, shall love much, when from its
 sin

Rebounding it shall stand for glorious Christ ;
 Ay, Nature, and for thee ! My final thought
 Thou may'st not know. Said not my Well-
 Beloved :

‘ Of that day and that hour knoweth no man,
 No, not the angels who so deep things see,
 Neither the Son, only the Father ’ ? Lo,
 So must it be ; the days, the deeds, the plans,
 Of Mine be many that archangels seek
 In vain to comprehend. Zophar said right :
 ‘ Eloah’s secret, canst thou find it out ? ⁽⁵⁾
 Or Shaddai’s perfect way canst thou explain ?
 Higher than heaven’s height, what canst thou
 do ?

Deeper than Sheol’s depths, what canst thou
 know ?

Its measurement is longer than the earth,
 And broader than the sea !’

 “ Meanwhile, thy work,
 Dear Nature, trustfully and patiently
 Pursue. Thou hast done well. At earliest
 dawn
 Of thy creation I pronounced thee good ;

And such I call thee still, though harsh abused.
Be brave. In larger hope toil on. Thou yet
Shalt be of thy great travail satisfied!

“And ye, My Children, whom with joy I see,
From distant star-homes gazing at this Cross
With wonderment such as not stirred you e’en
In lordlier lands of far superior spheres;
Amazed ye be at Man’s dread sin that slew
My One-Begotten, Well-Beloved Son;
Amazed ye be at Nature’s grief and Mine;
Amazed ye be no direful judgments fall
Upon this most ungenerous race, this most
Inhuman (or, since man alone hath sinned
Below, such way, let’s say most human) sin!
But some unutterable day ye shall
My permit have to visit Earth again;
Then with a more amazed amazement shall
Ye gaze on what My Ransom-Love hath
wrought;
Then see Love’s power an old world to renew,
Making cold death to tingle into life,
Darkness to quiver and quicken into light;
Sea-depths uplifted continents of joy,
Deep pits of hell exalted heights of praise!

“Listen, O Nature, and ye, bright Spirits, soon
T’ ascend to your well-earnèd home; and ye,
O Sons of Men, who indistinctly catch
My words divine; hear ye what Earth hath yet

In store from Me, of Me. Then, My thought
told,

If song or prayer shall in your bosoms move,
Pour forth in holy phrase what suits your
mood ;

Let singing music surge from singing soul ;
Perchance poor earth shall hear and join the
praise ;

Or, better than be singer, be a song ;
Yea, Singer be, and sung-of, and the song,
A Song strong and full-rounded, sounding
'mong

Astonished, rapturous worlds, great worlds of
worlds !

Then worlds in worlds, commingling won-
drously,

Shall know the sacred touch and thrill,—as
though

They felt His garment's healing hem ; and
worlds

So distant the impetuous light almost
Grows tired of wing on the long pauseless
flight,

Shall throb with jubilees that well-nigh match
The exultant praise eternal round My throne !

“ Here justified is justice, satisfied
Are love and law ; here righteousness and
peace

Have kissed ; the Infinite hath once for all,

All times and worlds, made ample sacrifice ;
Incarnate, once for all, the Son divine.
'Life of my life!' cries suffering man to Me ;
'Life of My life!' I grateful call to Him.
All this one vast Eternal Deed, the Cross !
Fountain whence living waters flow for all
That thirst! River of Life knowing no final
 sea !

True Banyan-tree of Life with branches spread
O'er all the earth and all the worlds ; its leaves
The nations healing, its fruits as various
As months of heaven's unending years! City
Of God, wide opened on each stately side
Its triple gates, whence march love-armed hosts
To bring the rescued ones within from all
The bloody battle-fields of sin! Never
May man nor angel know the length, the
 breadth,
The height, the depth, of purposes divine.

"But this I tell ye; now this poor hurt
 world
Lies hard asleep, all heedless of the wealth
Of this rich sacrifice, and the huge wrong
That agonized the skies. Dead now it lies
To all that presses, pierces us, yet thrills
Us with strange bliss. But other spheres in
 part
Shall apprehend, and they, the unconscious
 earth

Low bending o'er, shall sing their ecstasy
 Into her ear of sleep, from dreams confused
 To wake her to this most godlike love
 Mere myriad burning worlds might not make
 clear !

VII

“ Meanwhile, O Nature, 'tis not ours to mind
 These passing struggles of the Earth ; they be
 With perils fraught, yet with sure victory ;
 So hath My will ordained. Sooner My throne
 Shall tumble down than right by wrong be
 slain.

Earth's birth-pangs but presage her mother-
 joy !

“ Hast yet forgot the story of this globe,
 In that far distant Ichthyosaurian time,
 Ere yet Orion gracious smiled on Earth,
 Or Southern Cross the Southern zone pre-
 ferred, ⁽⁶⁾

Or the Great Bear growled at the Northern
 Pole,

Or the North Star attained the Magnet-
 throne ?

These troublous times of incompleteness
 And woes and sins are like those ancient
 years

When coarse uncouthness gave no gracious
 sign

Of the sweet loveliness we planned to be ;
When ghastly reptiles thronged the dismal
 seas ;

And birds were reptiles ; ay, the birds, the
 birds

Were reptiles, lighting in the shrinking
 boughs,

Filling the air with hisses and with fright,
With scream and scream ; unpromiseful eggs
 of birds

Of beauty and of song ; strange prophecies

Of happy-throated bobolink ; of lark

Impatient of the tarrying morn ; of dove

So softly murmuring her love that he

Of quaintest, sweetest, lyric fantasy,

My Herbert, prayed 'her golden wings on him

Might rest, hatching his tender heart so long

Till it got wing to fly away with her ;'

Strange prophecies of My fair birds of flight,
That in their beauty, song, bold sweep of
 wing,

And joy in ever mounting upward, most

Of all My creatures teach My Children be

Like angels pauseless in ascent and praise !

" Yet, Nature, not disheartened wast thou
 then.

Age after age more beauteous grew the earth,

And fairer flowers flushed o'er the fairer fields,

And seemlier fishes swam serener seas,

And birds of joy and plumage beautiful
Gladdened the incense-laden air with song ;
While nobler beasts grazed on the knolls of
green.

Dreadful the earthquakes of those pristine
days ;

Horrid the yawning chasms, hoarse the roar
Of warring winds and waves, and fierce the
shock

When, mountain clasping mountain, both slid
off

Into th' engulfing sea ; too deafening
For men to live, or living hear My voice !
The giant cliffs raised their proud heads, and
dared

The lightning strike so high. Volcanic heights
Held heavenward their fire-filled chalices
In savage sacrament ! Dismal the mists
That would not tolerate the generous sun,
Nor let him hang across the firmament
The crimson clouds to greet his dawn, or
make

His setting noble. O, though all the stars
Did beg to gaze upon this infant globe,
Though the grand heavens all round bent low
to bless

Her with their smile, she would not draw
aside

Her darkening veil ;—symbol how in these
days

The Sun of Righteousness so oft in vain
Attempts to warm and light the darkness
here!
How frowned those old years on the new
bright Earth
I had in mind!

“Yet, Nature, well know we
How through our patient care and gentle might
The darkness slow relaxed her clasp, and bade
The firmamental host draw nigh and bless.
The jagged rock-heights wild by many a storm
Were beaten, till adown their steeps to dark
Abysmal deeps and soundless seas they poured
Their offerings for rich valleys yet to be.
Meanwhile the towering peaks, so terrible,
White glittering spires of a cathedral world
Became, to which the clouds sweet incense
brought
From reverent fields; or like the pious doves
Gathered from every quarter of the sky
To rest and worship! Strange how smoke
and steam
And fogs that once barred out the sun, now
turned
To give most welcome greeting; and alert
Now wrought the long refusèd light to forms
And hues of splendor infinite! The growth
Of ancient fens and forests died, whence
sprang

A richer sylvan wealth ; and the black mould
 Became the treasury of æonic light,
 To serve the arts and industries and homes
 Of these more princely times ; the fires of
 those

Prehuman days warming and lighting up
 The world for His resplendent Coming, who
 The Light of Life, the Lord of Glory, is !
 The scolded weeds entangling bush and plain,
 Dying, enriched the soils for centuries
 More tranquil, and for worthier, wealthier
 lives.

“ A myraid forms consented thus to die ;
 The very names by which they called them-
 selves
 Men do not know. Unknown they breathed,
 expired ;
 Their beauty and fair fragrance unperceived
 Except by thee and Me. Some, lingering
 still,
 Adorn and beautify the earth which then
 Unconscious lived upon their wealth. I tell
 Thee, Nature, thou must know I love these
 weeds
 Of long gone times ; flowers then, weeds now,
 harsh spurned
 By men, stamped down, uprooted, killed,
 cursed, burned,—
 I loved, I love them still ! All lonesome then

Was earth. E'en I was lonely here ; no lives
Then growing up toward heavenhood ; but
these

Did smile, and offer Me their frankincense ;
And willing lived to perish. They lived and
died

Unknown at first ; were afterward by men
Despised and slain. My primal martyr-flow-
ers,

To make more fit the world for years to
come,

Lived, bloomed and died so men might happier
thrive ;

So other flowers might be more beautiful,
And have more praise, and sweeter homes of
love,

And cheer the couch of pain and bruised
hearts

That, healed, would have no patience with
base weeds !

'Base weeds !' Types they of Him whom
most I love,

A tender Plant grown out of desert ground,
Despised of men, from whom they turn the
face ;

A Weed ! so deemed, yet verily Tree of Life,
Whose eager branches bear whate'er of
strength

Or sweetness blesses man or glorifies

Fair worlds !

“Those misinterpreted, those crude,
Suggestive years I loved, love now, and shall.
Much perished then; much died leaving no
 sign;

Beauty corroded; frankincense of flowers
Grew rancid; brave life died; fires wanton
 burned;

Wild waters drowned; fierce earthquakes
 buried deep

Herculean strength that seemed too huge to
 die.

Nor deem unworthy purpose served such life!
The jointure of My carpentry ever fits.

Life makes her own environments, and oft

By them is made. The eyeless habitants

Of waters cavernous and dark spend not

Their one long night in conscious dismal-
 ness;

But revelling in the coolness, the soft touch

Of springs, the sense of featly mobileness,

The exquisite witchery of dash and coup,

The venture of untried, mock-threatening
 pools,—

With such delights, by dear companionships

Made dearer, these bright children of the
 gloom

Thank Me they are, and are their own glad
 selves;

And wonder how queer creatures stand the
 glare

Of sun, or breathe in waterless air, or dare
The skyward flight, or aught whate'er survives
Unshone on by the dark !

“ So in far æons

Earth's rugged beasts their rugged pleasures
found

In bog and brake, in ooze and sodden air,
In mountains live with earthquakes, oceans
swept

By wind terror-inspired and lightning-whipped !
They fed on storms ! Monsters were they ;
monstrous

Were their regalements ; in these quiet times
They might not live, missing the massive roar
Of vengeful thunders, flashing flights of flame
That denser made the dark ! Their purpose
served

They well. Most real their joy, though wild
and weird.

Even the mountains and deep gulfs and seas
Did almost conscious thrill. Nor this all.
Deep

Foundations then were laid for loftier years.
Life died that life might multiply. The graves
Of ancient centuries became cradles
For these. Their groans are resurrection calls
These hear, and rise to immortality.
That which thou sowest is not quickened save
It die. I love, I bless, what dies so else

May thrive. Scarce could I bear that what
 was oft
 So fragrant, rich-hued, or e'en barbarous,
 Should not have straighter, choicer use, than
 serve
 As mouldering compost for more delicate
 growth.

“But with such sweetness of content the weeds
 Did grow; and with such merry fin and wing
 My primal creatures sprang through wind and
 wave;
 And with such bearing, quite majestic,
 My brave brutes trod the quagmires and the
 crag;
 All patient with their crude times and rude
 selves;
 Successive races glad of death and grave,
 So earth might fruitfuller be of fruitfuller lives
 And hopes; O Nature, I did love, and bless
 Them! They to Me have been old rugged type
 And symbol of the sacrificial Love
 Fragrant and fair, so gentle, so robust,
 That with the wicked sought a grave, where-
 from
 A world's redeemed Humanity might rise!

VIII

“So, Nature, in the war, the woe, the sin,
 The crudenesses and rudenesses we see

This day among the Sons of Men, have hope!
Much evil grows, to perish as by fire,
Its ashes mellowing and enriching times
To be; far more, a myriad-fold shall I
Convert and save. Much seeming ill is but
Ill-understood! Would'st think to find in eggs
Fair-plumaged birds, with power of flight and
song?

Plows, swords, harps, minstrelsies, evangels,
wide

Civilizations, in the ochrous ore?

The Night is dark,—it has not time to shine;
'Tis busy manufacturing Day! Sometimes
The Day is dark, abstractly planning how
To make the morrow worthier! In strange
Confusions, order wise men may divine,—
Apocalypses in the bitter bud!

“The acrid nut of law is germ of woods
That I shall build My temples of. Good use
Shall pain, and sin, and the deep mysteries
serve,

That surge in devastating waves o'er all
The sea of life. Just as the potencies
Of wind, wave, reflux tide, now wasting
strength

On rock and wreck, shall grind the grain and
whirl

The wheels of trade, shame braggart thunder-
storms,

Unlocking world-fulls of electric stores,
 The products multifold of a glad
 And multifolded race! What seems most ill
 Shall yet good purpose serve. Like men's
 tide-mills
 'Long shore. The sea goes out, comes in; the
 same
 Wheels turn; they grind the same, which way
 soe'er
 The swell; I cross the bands; and, ebb or flow
 The tides, they grind My grist of grace.

“ Nature,
 These days are our primeval o'er again;
 With fog and darkness fighting against light;
 Ungainly growths, and hard, grim forms of
 life;
 Great wastes of force and beauty; tears are
 here;
 Eyes oft sore weep as did the ancient skies
 That daily drenched the ground. Huge crimes
 stalk forth;
 Big human pterodactyls, bird, beast, bat
 In one, infesting field and air and sea
 With violence and fright; long ages filled
 With desolation and with doom. But know,
 O Nature, not in vain My power and grace.
 The dank and miasmatic fogs My Love,
 Whereof earth's glowing sun is scanty type,
 Shall lift asky to make more radiant heavens,

Over them pouring all effulgences ;
As though the molten riches of My mines
Had goldened and deep-rainbowed them ;
orange,
Vermilion, argent, azure, emerald,
Soft opalescences with angel-blush !
A myriad rainbows hide within a tear.
What shall the splendors be when I shall say :
'O Clouds of earth, hear God! Your treas-
ured Day
Unlock! The rich life-light in darkness deep
Ye hide, bring forth! From lake and wide-
spread plain,
Long rising, shine ye forth in majesties
Of light; shine till these archèd splendors
pale,
And the proud sun before your glories fades!'

" Nature ; exult, rejoice ; all shall be well.
To Me, to thee, let Evil threaten Good!
Old wildernesses wood-entangled, rank
With mire, shall the more fertile prove.
Mayhap
Our wilderness shall blossom like the rose ;
New forms of use and beauty shall spring
forth ;
Sharp mountain peaks altars of prayer be-
come ;
Already in the desert kneels My Son !
If hearts be cold and lives be rude and wrong,

If passing ills oppress and well-nigh crush
 The Good, bethink thee how hard glacial days
 Again move, grating, grinding o'er the globe,
 Planing the mountains down, rich vales to fill,
 Compounding strange deposits of all types
 Evolved through ages into one rich soil
 Exultant in fertility, wherein
 My precious plants of righteousness shall
 thrive!

“What a renowned world shall we yet make,
 O Earth, through patient law, thou and My-
 self
 Through grace! What glad surprises. What
 new births
 Of things base-born. Great enemies, great
 friends.
 Low, boorish envies, and hard hates to love
 Converted; long, distressful bondages
 To freedom; fears to bold, adventuring faith;
 Weapons of war to proud artilleries
 Of peace; the thunders of thy frowning skies,
 And more dread thunders of grand battle-
 storms,
 To earth-engirdling Hallelujahs! All
 Shall yet be well. My permit of earth's ill
 Is (thou shalt see) intended back-thrust fell
 Of My strong hand, to deal the weightier blow
 To sin in all the world, in all the World
 Of worlds!

“But, Nature, thou with Man must bide
Thy time ; and thine shall be when his ; and
both
When Christ’s. On, as I bade thee ; do thine
own
Task well ; Man his ; I Mine. Mark what
hath been !

IX.

“First the great Christ incarnate was in thee ;
Through Holy Ghost, by Him, by Me, sent
forth,
Coequal all, eternal, One True Soul ;
Of All that is, most inmost Soul and Life !
First, then, My Christ incarnate was in thee ;
The invisible things of Him most clearly seen
Since the Creation, even eternal power
And Godhead ; He in all deep immament.
No wonder stars so bright and wakeful night
By night, and growth so quick, the universe
So instant and responsive to My will ;
No wonder, filled with Him, thy life no
bounds
Would know of art and enterprise ;
No end of creature shapes and upward trend ;
New senses born to match each new-born
time ;
An infinite dissatisfiedness
Thine only rest ; each choicest product prest
By its own nature to outdo itself ;

Leaping to wider range and finer forms,
 More varied sensibilities and use !
 No marvel, filled, fired, animate with Him,
 The throb and quiver of his strong heart-beats
 Are felt by all, atoms and spheres the same.
 O, not far wrong, who on thy bosom sleep,
 And pleasèd dream they note the pulse of
 God ;
 Ah, might men's souls in glad accord but
 beat !

“ Not undevout, but Christful primal Days !
 The mountains were proud symbols of His
 might ;
 The seas of depths and widenesses of love ;
 The arching skies of His o'er bending care ;
 The snows of His pure spotlessness that was
 In later times to mantle earth's dark lands.
 All graceful forms did signify his art
 And th' infinite fairness of His sovereign soul.
 He immanent life of all ; bees hum His
 praise ;
 Birds carol it ; flowers, perfumed sunbeams,
 set
 Themselves t' interpret His rare beauty ;
 gems,
 And quaint hoar-frosts, and fleecy flakes of
 snow
 That swirl unfearing down the frowning sky,
 Their crystalline forms assume, merry

With thought of Him ; all elements so bent
On seeing, hearing, pleasing, holding Him,
As oft to gather into living shapes
So small, monads might use their microscopes
To watch them, as with nimble wings they
fly,

With eager and unsleeping eyes seek Him
In whom all live and move and being have !
And so to Me the heavens and the earth
Be infinitely dear, because My Child
Did frame them ; lo, His finger-marks I see ;
Ah, they be filled with Christ-work, and with
Him !

“ But He nor I therewith full satisfied.
In beauty, strength, and many a gloriousness
And use, the ancient earth did please Me well.
My creatures had keen sense and joy of
things ;
My reptiles sought the soothing slums for
sleep ;
My fishes whirled among the eddying pools
And from the sunshine made their shields of
sheen ;
My birds knew their soft robes were beautiful,
Singing, or loud or low, love-lays to mates
Well pleased with such fine wooing. My
brave beasts
Did love the frolics of their haunts, the chase,
The verdant pastures of the pensive plain.

O, e'en My plants their own dear consciousness
 Did half surmise, and mimicked things that
 thought ;
 And from dim dens stole out into the light ;
 Or felt the covering of the night and closed
 The darkness out ; or shrank with terror when
 The thunders rode the tempests down the hills.
 But He nor I therewith full satisfied.

“ Largely of self their thought ; of others
 naught,
 Save as the parent instinct towards its young
 Drew forth that fondness which so anciently
 Foretokened My paternal care for all
 Mine offspring. Other altruistic sense
 Than this they knew not, save that love akin,
 Which in the nursing time made each Sir
 Brute
 Provider and defender of fair Spouse
 Unto the final morsel, the last drop ;
 That life-love whence all generations spring.
 Else this, desire but for their several selves ;
 Nor dream of wider love, or life, or hope ;
 Nor dream of dream concerning Him who
 made
 Them. Sad, no eye deeper to see, nor mind
 The world's composite service to discern,
 Nor power divine the power divine to know !
 Grateful to Me the morning incense sweet

Of fields a-flower; all creatures I had formed
In themselves happy, in their spheres content;
But not enough that to Mine eyes, and those
Of angels, and of such as 'mongst all worlds
Do travel, all this admirable sphere
Should manifest be. E'en I love not to gaze
Into blind, witless, unresponsive eyes;
But such as look glad back into Mine own;
To happy whom My works clear mirror God.
O, if Creation may but see, feel, taste,
Hear, know, love, Me! Thus shines dim earth
divine!

"Then said We: 'Let us Man make in our
image,
After our likeness! Wide dominion shall
He have o'er all that dwell on earth.' Then We
In our own likeness him created. Thus
Incarnate Christ anew, breathing His breath
Of life immortal into that fine form,
Upright, the noblest, Nature, I gave thee;
Form of that beauty and majestic grace
I from long time had loved to meditate,
In outline-type whereof all life I made;
Above all higher than noon-sun o'er main,
Above the brute, as I higher than he!

"Two spheres aflame right face to face see
not
Each other; no inquiry make whence came

They ; how their brothers left, or whither
bound ;

They bump full-drive together, spattering
stars ⁽⁷⁾

Blood-red all o'er the heavenly floor, or clasp
In hot embrace such as oft heats dead worlds
To life ! Nor know they be afire ; nor have
one fear

What conflagrations dire they spread through
heaven ;

Worlds with less brain than some lone ant-hill
holds ;

Worlds whose immeasurable æons e'en
My weakest saintly child shall long outlive !

“Men ! Worlds ! ’Twas a mere child, an
old man’s wares

Of lenses handling, placed two bits to the
eye,—

And cried : ‘O Grandfather ! I see the hour
O’ the clock on yonder steeple !’ Of which fact
One learning soon (one who in Pisa’s Duomo
From the dim candles of her swinging lamp
Had got sunlight for the science of his day,
And taught earth’s gravities beat time for
men ;

And from the mystic Tower—as though for
this

The years had made it heavily lean—dropped
stones

That 'gainst the learnèd Stagyrte's teaching,
proved

One mighty law of thine, Nature), this man
From trifling, vulgar and eye-blinding dust,
Such as himself was formed of, made a lens
Of clearness crystalline through which from
deep

Dark voids strange visions of star-splendor
shone !

Dust looked through dust ; and at earth's mid-
night saw

Brave Morning stride across the Moon's dark
disk,

Planting his silver feet on her high Alps !

Behold, about yon belted planet played

At hide and seek his surprised satellites !

He looked the kingly Sun straight in the face,

And said he saw black blots upon his cheek ;

Withal his virtues not unspotted he !

In the star-peopled sky each shining one

He bade approach, and none might in the
dark

Or distance hide, or hie so headlongly

As for an instant flee beyond his ken.

No marvel all My worlds fly everywhither

Precipitate, o'ertopping as they speed

In multitudinous race from human eyes,

Eyes with acute omniscient sense endued.

Dust looks through dust at dust ; and thereby
proves

'Tis not dust, but true Soul! Lo, Earth's
 poor dust —
 A few stones' weight thereof—inbreathed, in-
 dwelt,
 By My Life-Spirit, outweighs, outshines, out-
 climbs,
 Outwits, outlasts, the star-dust of the heavens,
 Though each star-atom be a blazing sun!

“ Strange history his, which, Nature, thou
 need'st not
 I tell; since from Time's distant dawn,
 When thou on thy young mother-breasts
 fondly
 Did'st suckle him, and on this pendulous
 planet,
 The primal cradle, thou did'st softly rock
 His babyhood, his errant ways thou hast
 Well-known; his strong self-will, his haughty
 pride
 His sad mistraining of rich inborn tastes
 To gluttonies, his unwise forfeitures
 Of what was best from heaven, in earth, him-
 self.
 O, if the ruins be so gorgeous, what
 The glory of the temple into which
 Was builded all the best of feeling, art,
 Experience, wisdom, wealth and worth of
 æons!
 The proud creation's peerless masterpiece,

Endowed with full free choice to die or live,
To brighten heaven or more dark make hell,
To be My son, or dare to be My foe;
And being such, a foe worth having as friend!
Ah, had he though but wiselier, greatlier
dared

Against the tempter's taunts and jibes to stand
Upon his manhood and his Godhead too!
Ah, then he had out-angeled angelhood!

X

“Then the great Christ appeared, in human
form

Yet image express of Godhead, Heir of All,
Greater than heir of things and worlds and
times,

Heir of not Mine alone but inmost Me.

In the beginning was the Word, the Word
Was with God, and the Word was God. The
same

In the beginning was with God. All things
Were made by Him. In Him was Life, and
the Life

Was the Light of men. The Love, Life, Light
be One;

True Trinity of Father, Spirit, Son.

And the Light loved Darkness and thus made
it bright,

And the Life loved Death and gave it second
birth,

And the Love loved Man redeeming him to
God ;

And Love, Light, Life did take and mould
them all

Into the humble, sovereign, human, godlike
Christ !

Then, not enough He should be heir of Mine,
He shall be heir of poor man's sins and woes,
And thereby heir of the World's love at last !

“ In Him all life is penetrate anew
With Me ; life of new life ; ennobling all ;
My Branch engraft on sad Humanity,
So it the holy fruits of heaven may bear ;
Born in the flesh so wretched man may be
Born in the Spirit. He would feel the thrill
Of human pain, so men in turn might know
The thrill of love divine ! Incarnate He
In that grand Galilean form, so touch
More close to every joy and pain and sin
Of earth ; in all points tempted as men be,
Yet without sin. Thus Mediator meet,
Interpreting to Godhead man, to man
Interpreting My pardoning love and grace !

“ Well spake My star-child here that of such
Life

Most sacred, the profound and broad intent
None may conceive. How many radii
May from a centre branch ; or tangents stretch

From one small circle? Say how many
planes

Lie on a sphere? How many queries one may
raise

About an atom, and an atom ask

About a star? Let each mind speak his
thought ;

Each may have truth ; yet each hath fault who
claims

His own the only true. Saith one : 'The light
Is white.' Correct. Another : 'Red.' Cor-
rect.

Another : 'It is yellow.' Also true.

But who says : 'Only this,' or 'that ;' speaks
false.

Deny not all in One, and One in all !

My wide and wise Creation angrily

Denies such senselessness. My birds of song

Their brilliant plumage show. My insects turn

Their wings of sheen in bright protest. My
flowers

Season by season over all the earth

Spring forth from field and fen and wood,—
the great

Glad globe festooning,—one wreath of frank-
incensed

Magnificence to lay upon the fair

White bosom of the Day. My sea-born shells

Shine with their silvery gleam from depths of
blue ;

The sapphire sea with pearls and opals
 gemmed ;
 Ocean o'erarched with heavenly sceneries,—
 Now mountains of black crag and purpling
 peak,
 Now frowning fortresses of flame and roar,
 Now palaces with oriflambes of glory,
 Clouds with dissolvèd rainbows radiant,
 One mighty dome of iridescent praise !
 To make the light a million varying tints
 Conspire, sweet-blending, each in each, just as
 Not one but all the virtues make the man.

“ Few be the members of men's alphabets ;
 A simple proverb may contain them all ;
 All may be uttered in a turn of wit.
 Yet by these few, scarce more than a bare
 score,
 Have men in many languages and climes
 Expressed their joys and griefs, their loves
 and hates ;
 Have argued their abstruse philosophies,
 Defended human rights and laid wrongs low ;
 Defined all knowledges, sung soft amours,
 Have whispered love and shouted challenges
 To bloody frays ; recited famous creeds
 They dared to die for ; mournful requiems
 Have versed and chanted o'er belovèd dead ;
 In throngèd marts have bargained off their
 wares ;

Have set brave honesties at fight with fraud ;
In churches have proclaimed My sacred truth,
My praises chanted, and My praise have
sought !

The feat of reckoning all that this bare score
Of sound-words may express what hardihood
Shall venture ? All the atmosphere of earth,
To where the ether-ocean lands the rare
And precious commerce of the procreant stars,
Is dense with deathless speech and bounding
sound ;

No atom but has quick responded when
E'en meekest souls let fall their quiet thought ;
And through the reverend and majestic years
To come this simple alphabet shall tell
The immortal triumphs of the arms of Him
Who bears this one eternal Name, The Word !

“ Attend again. Just seven notes complete
The music scale. So taught the Ancients. So
Moderns confirm. Not more than octaves
three

Can aptest artist reach. Four make full
gamut

Of the strong voice of man. These circum-
scribe

His song. Seven octaves more, beyond these,
ear⁽⁸⁾

Of man detects no musical sound ; 'tis shriek,
'Tis thud ; outside these limits—music none.

Wherefore then need of melody ? Such close
 confines,

Why trouble men with ears ? Why burden
 air

With symphonies, and bells with chimes ? the
 woods

With myriad songsters ? bees with buzz

And hum ? the delicate reed with minstrelsies ?

Insects with ditties ? leaves with psalmistries ?

Mountains with diapason stern of storm ?

“O Nature, Men, Beasts, Spirits, listen !
 Three

And seven, these ten be the full octaves men
 May sing or hear ; yet from these seven, these
 three,

What grace, what cheer, what inspirations
 holy,

What prophet-preludes of th' eternal psalm,

What range of cadences, what serenades of
 love ;

What arias, and harmonies of home ;

Æolians sighing, singing 'mong the pines ;

The silver sonnets of the simmering sea ;

Brave bugle-blasts of freedom, truth and law !

To what rich litanies, what rapture-hymns,

What anthems grand, consentient antiphones,

Majestical doxologies of joy,

The throbbing organ prompts the pulsing
 praise !

“ With My full weight of Godhead I command

Men cease from their unholy jugglery
Of words, their heresy of hate! For sake
Of souls their wretched dogmatism damns,
I charge they let alone My troubled ones,
The frightened, trembling children I would
save!

When able they to understand and tell
‘The way,—where is it, to light’s dwelling-
place?’⁽⁵⁾

And darkness, where the place of its abode?
The treasures of the snow how to approach?
Where is the way by which the lightning
parts?

How drives the rushing tempest o’er the land?
How bind together th’ clustering Pleiades,
Unloose Orion’s bands, Mazzaroth lead,
Or guide the ways of Arctos with her sons?’
E’en then the deeper problems of My rule,
The blending of My life with Man’s in Christ,
The mystic meanings of the sacred Cross,
Remain unsolved, perplexing problems still.
To reverent souls let Cross and Bible preach
What best they may; to wise philosophers
Let earth and sea and sky My will make
known;

To poet all the world a poem be,
Anthology of rhymed and rhythmed praise;
Each reverent soul My Truth interpreting

As each hath deepest vision, need and thrill ;
 Yet shall not one nor all reach utmost truth.
 Let each feed well on what he well hath
 learned,
 Nor poison soul of his, or friend's, by coarse
 Misjudgment, or precisionism of cant !

“ Lo, Speech, Light, Music, all a Trinity ;
 Distinct, but One ! Music is happy speech
 And cheery light to troubled souls and dark.
 Kind words make the dim way more clear and
 fill

Sad lives with song. Light well reveals what
 speech

But ill describes, and aids the blind almost
 To see the joyous pulsing harmonies !
 Speech, music, light, have elements most scant,
 Yet combinations infinite. With sounds
 So few, who e'er would think to articulate
 Fair faith and weird despair, and blissful rest,
 Sour discontent, mirth, love, and wretched
 hate ;

The passion-throes of uncontrollèd sin ;
 The holy hopes of great and godlike souls ;
 The pangs of generations, each in turn
 Hard-travailing mother of the next, with all
 A parent's battling for the offspring's weal ;
 Man's dreams of Me, and My most infinite
 Observance of his need ; My pleasèd plans
 Whereby he may become My child again ?

“ Who with but handful of base, tenor, air,
Would think to throng homes, temples, forests,
seas,

Summer’s soft calms and sacramental showers,
The mountained earth, and the far flying stars
With countless melodies ; world unto world
Its waking matin and sweet even song
Repeating endlessly ? Who from less dyes
Than th’ digits of his hand might e’er com-
pound

The hues wherewith I paint the mapled hills,
The infant dew and lark-saluted morn,
Fresco the sky with magisterial thrones
Of judgment, and broad wings of angels white
That come and go attendant on My will,
While lightnings threat to set the globe afire ?

“ O, who from subtle substance one, only
With variant vibration, would assume
To build some humblest jessamine, or bee
That settles to its trembling, tempting cup,
Or e’en the crawling worm (which, usefulest
Deep plowman of My plains, let man spurn
not),

Or e’en a trifle of some generous mould ;
Much less, assume to frame the solid spheres,
The spheres that glow, the spheres that sing,
That wing their winding way forevermore
My throne around, laden with life that thrives
And throbs with joy ineffable from Me ?

" Ay, who would deem one poor small brain
 might be
 Brave centre of My world whereto all earth
 Reports her doings momentarily ; whereto
 The solemn sun's quick-quivering messengers
 Speed down dim distances ; whereto My
 thoughts
 Incarnated in lives innumeros
 Reveal themselves in beauty and in light ;
 One humble auditor, for whom are struck
 World-fulls of rhapsodies and glory ; one
 Keen retina that misses sight of naught
 In depths of sky or sea that challenges
 Its gaze, that catches lightning on the wing ;
 My microcosmal secrets proudly probes ;
 Revels among the braided beams of light
 That ribbon the receding storms benign ;
 Upon My far stars gazes till they blink ;
 Upon My nearer sun, that in an hour
 Would burn his earth up, looks without dis-
 may ?

" Alas, to Man I only the Unseen ;
 Alas, too oft, the only Unadmired !
 Only Creator by the creature shunned ;
 Only the Lover by the loved unloved !
 Alas, My face alone He may not now
 Behold, and live. But fast the Day draws nigh
 When, seeing Me, into My likeness he
 Shall grow ; from glory into glory changed ! "

THE DIVINE PROCESSIONAL 111

Now in a mirror darkly may we trace
The features fair
Of Him, who for our sakes did dark death dare;—
Then, face to face!

Bravely, therefore, we hear He comes apace,
Or how, or when
He will! We'll clearly see and bless Him then,
When face to face.

Meanwhile, with patience run this earthly race;
'Twill end so soon;
Speed on! May reach high heaven ere high-noon!
Then face to face!

Stand, face to face with truth and honor; space
Is not below
For falseness. God is Truth! As now, e'en so
Then, face to face!

Let's learn the lesson here; steadfast embrace
Each lowliest task
As highest. Will God's will! Then new work ask
When face to face.

Earth give us work! God grant us blessèd grace
To do for Him
Whom now we love, though seen in vision dim;
Then, face to face!

O, tears be sweet, and toil, in any place
If He be near!
I see Him not; He me, though! We'll appear
Then, Face to Face!

“Who then may sound the secrets of His Soul
In whom My Godhead infinitely hides?
Who His full heart may know? Than light
more bright,

Than summer suns serene far fruitfuller,
 His radiance o'erspreads the mystic earths and
 skies

Of human soul-life, growing great harvest-
 ings

Where first My plows have broken fallow
 fields.

Thereon, when sweeping tear-storms have
 rolled by,

His angels, bent on binding earth to heaven
 With long strong chains of interlinkèd light,
 Arch the glad sky with lustrousness that pales
 The spectrum of the ancient covenant Bow!

But He,—His grace outshines and arches all!

Chiefest among ten thousand My Beloved;

And altogether lovely! Alphabets

Of angels cannot spell His might; nor songs

Of seraphs amply celebrate His praise;

Nor wingèd light speed like His hasting love.

Deep oceans were small cups to hold His
 thought!

Were every star a letter bright with joy

To help spell out His wide eternal plan,

And ageless æons given his mind to tell;

Were the broad planes of heaven on which
 from dawn

To time's last sunset the wide wandering orbs

Their orbits make, imprinted thickly o'er

With story of His gracious sovereignty,

The possibilities of languages

Exhaust ; O know, e'en then the word-packed
world
Could not contain the books that should be
writ !

“ Messiah's secret who then may find out ?
He said : ‘ None save the Father, knoweth
Me ;
And none the Father, save the Son, and such
As the divine revealing doth inform.’
Wherefore He conjured : ‘ Take My yoke on
you ;
Thus learn of Me ; trust My meek, lowly heart.
Love's easy yoke makes heavy loads draw
light ! ’ ”

Alas, dear Lord, what meanest Thou
That I new yoke and load see now
To which I must obedient bow,
So tired, so faint ?

Poor worn and weary heart, wilt know
'Tis thy sad self that galls thee so ?
My yoke is very easy ; lo,
My burden's light !

O Yoke, expressly made by God,
Not to gall more the neck low-bowed,
But just to help me draw my Load,
Thank God for thee !

Fair Yoke, with bow and key of love,
Sweet Yoke, that dost Christ's sweetness prove !
Thou dear Yoke-Fellow, ne'er remove
From me Thy Yoke !

O Burden—of unrusting gold,
 Burden—of mercy on mercy rolled,
 Burden—of grace and love untold,
 Blest Burden light!

Lord, Lord, forgive; Thou cheatest me;
 I take Thy Yoke, and find me free,
 Thy Load—Thou carriest it, and me!
 Quaint Yoke! Quaint Load!

O loaded Love! O lovèd Load!
 By golden Yoke drawn down God's Road!
 Quaint Christ! Build high the Load and broad;
 And Thine, or mine!

“Love's easy Yoke makes heavy Loads draw
 light.

O, know that Christ alone discovereth Christ.
 Only by love is Love well understood.
 The Life that loves, the Love that lives, knows
 God!

Spirit to spirit answereth, flesh to flesh;
 Music to music singeth; light to light.
 Deep Soul of God to soul of man responds,
 Deep soul of man divine to Soul of God.
 My true humaneness, man's divineness, dwelt
 In Him. Be largest, godfullest man thou
 can'st!

Fill thyself full of Christ, O Man, and He
 In thee shall tell thee of Himself! Nor
 worlds

Of wealth or wisdom, nor mere men-taught
 schools,

Nor men-writ books, nor e'en My Book by Me
Inspired, by Me securely handed down
Through ages of contentious jealousies,
Alone, shall teach and touch thy deepest
heart ;
Christ is His own Interpreter ; fill thee
With Him ; then shalt thou know thy Christ,
and Mine !

XI

“ Thus answered is His Cry : ‘ For their sakes
pray
I, Father, as Thou art in Me, and I
In Thee, may they in us be ; I in them
And Thou in Me ! ’ Here Incarnation wide,
Majestical ; Humanity Christ-filled ;
Here My transcendent Immanence ! Behold,
This Man of Nazareth doth signify
True God incarnate in true world redeemed.
Through touch with Him is Life all penetrate
Afresh with God. From Him, planted in
earth,
Most precious Seed, springs noble harvest
forth,
Of goodness, godliness, blooming, fruitening,
And multiplying on, until the earth
Is peopled with right manly sons of God.
As age shall age succeed, immortality
Shall from the mortal evermore evolve.
God manifest in flesh ! Humanity

Immanuelled! O Day ineffable,
 Of joy, of glory, manhood, godhood, when
 Men thus possessing Me, themselves possess ;
 In their own glad, strong hearts their Para-
 dise

Refind ; and Earth her ancient Eden, now
 Beyond the Ethiopian Garden grown ;
 Pison, Euphrates, Havilah, Gihon,
 Its bounds no more ; the peoples all at last
 The kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ !

“ Ay, all Earth’s empires His ! Nature, some
 day

Thy prayer shall heeded be. Well have I
 known

Thine earnest expectations for the sons of
 God ;

Thy groans and pains of travail until now.
 Deliverance awaits thee soon. Then joy
 Be thine with Mine ! Thou shalt My Eden be
 In truth, wherein shall be My walk with men.
 Again shall thy wild beasts be tame ; the
 wolf

And lamb, the leopard and the kid, the calf
 And lion, shall together dwell ; a Child
 Shall lead them !

“ Quick hast thou My thought. Some Day
 Men’s beast-like passions shall be stilled ; their
 greed,

Their anger, envy, lust, and selfishness
Loved down, pitied and pardoned into peace,
In peace shall dwell; them My dear Child
shall lead!

“Then, as in pristine times thou mad’st thy
seas

And continents to fit the rude, wild life
I planted here, thou a New Earth and Heavens
Shalt form for a matured Humanity!

The conscious seas and deserts aid My grace.

The very oceans unreluctantly

Unfetter their imprisoned waters which

Through centuries, by surging waves

And tides inspired by spirits of the winds and
moon,

Have fought for freedom, and do now approve

The copious rains with conscious tenderness

Baptizing Mine elect regenerate world.

My Western prairies, hard and sour, forbade

The rains pacific seas would send, and charged

The mountains bayonet them on their sharp
crag

Of cold; but mellowed, christianed now, by
plows,

Homes, harvestings, welcome the fruitening
showers.

So fields, more verdant made, invite the more;

Until, perfumed with bloom, with many a grain

Prolific, peopled by My saints, Earth smiles

And thrives, a fragrant garden of the Lord!

"Impulsively the very oceans hear
 The prayers of lands beneath the tide :
 'Out of the depths to Thee, O Lord, we cry !'
 And ardently give way as mountain peaks
 Pierce upward and broad table-lands appear,
 With myriad life and death of myriad years
 Enriched, heirs of the ages ! Thus, as once
 In Patmos the beloved of My Beloved saw,
 The primal earth and heavens were passed
 away,
 And there was no more sea. Where oceans
 surged
 Now spread My fertile plains. The angry
 flood
 I sent, because the wickedness of earth
 Was great, hath busy been through all these
 years
 The dark deeps storing with My plentitudes
 Of wealth, so on their resurrection they
 May be the homes of happy sons of God !
 The ampler plains sustain the ampler life,
 And holier life tenfold the fruitfuller makes
 The ransomed lands. Earth shall become her-
 self again,
 And more.

"My Kingdom over all the globe
 Shall spread. They who My ancient Eden
 place
 At the far Pole, where Winter sternly holds

His icy sceptre, bidding all who dare
Invade his realms depart, or die, err not
So greatly. Lo, the flashing Boreal
Is but the ancient Flaming Sword which yet
Forbids entrance within My Garden-Gate,
Henceforth high-lifted to protect all such
As in this larger Paradise would dwell.

“Thee, Nature, thee I bless again, and more!
Thy heart henceforth be hopefuller; thy hands
With wealth more opulent for every need;
Be to thyself restored; thy wounds all healed;
Thy life and Christ’s and Man’s conjoinèd
well;
One Breath pervading all; one Law, one Love,
One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, for ye all!

“Ah, Nature, how I love converse with thee;
Thou art My daughter, after My Son begot.
Mine angels chanted likewise at thy birth;
Likewise My Spirit brooded over thee,
By whom begotten He. In thee no fault!

“Ah, Nature, some would make thee baleful
now,
And weak, disturned from thy first bent, wit-
ness
'Gainst all I made thee for. Some strangely
wrong
Thee, placing thee above Whom thou in all

Thy sweetnesses and mights and majesties
 Dost worship, making My very works deny,
 Discrown, disprove Me. Others count but ill
 Thy various good ; in love of Me hate thee,
 Thee, patient Mother of these fruitful years ;
 Condemn as carnal those fine senses which
 Through thee I plant in them, so better they
 May relish the glory of thy skies, the breath
 And power of ocean, all the benisons
 Of peace and healthful toils, domestic joys,
 The love of love, mother of mother-love,
 Father of father-love, the life of life !
 All this, as though a slander cast on thee
 Were loyal praise of Me ; as though when I
 Say : ' Love thou not th' things of the world !'

I give

Command that man right roundly hate the
 world

Of joyous sense I pleasèd placed him in,
 The mightier sentient nature in him placed ;
 Himself scorn, loathe, malign, suppress, crush,
 kill,

So he may fondlier and wiselier

Love Me ! Ah, some near clearer Day shalt thou
 Be known, and I. Then shall men see how sin
 Hath wrought disjointment, hath thy harmony
 Disturbed ; hath planted envy 'tween thy soul
 And bodily form, between unseen and seen,
 'Tween earth and heaven ; as though light here
 were dark

Up there ; as though 'twere My prerogative
To tempt men through their natures to their
fall ! ”

Lord, Jesus Christ, whose pardons sweet I plead (9)
For each poor quivering, inward, outward deed,
Help me to treat with thoughtful tenderness
All I commit unto Thy fond caress.

What Thou forgivest let me cease to hate,
What Thou forgettest may I cancel straight;
What, torn and bleeding, Thy wise grace would heal —
For this may I a kindred pity feel!

Why should I break the broken limb anew
Whose gentle mending Thou art tending to ?
Why lash with scorn myself—Thy wandering child,
Whom Thou art tempting back by arts so mild ?

I mourn, dear Christ, the sins that wounded Thee;
Thou mournest more they have so wounded me;
No more I'll hurt this blundering, bleeding soul
Thy wounded hands so softly would make whole!

Correct, O Lord, the all-mistaken zeal
That sorer makes the sores Thy love would heal ;
Deeming we best sweet Mercy's will obey,
When we not self but suffering selves would slay.

Alas! on soul and body many a scar,
All self-inflicted in this needless war,
Where we misdeem amidst our strange alarms
God's bugle-blast of Peace a call to arms!

—Ay, ay, to arms, to arms, Thou callest me!
To arms! Thine own strong arms of sympathy!
Lord God! when thus Thou arimest, Thou dost best dis-
arm me
Of all such weapons as most charm—and harm me!

“O, how hath learned ignorance forced Me
 Outside Mine own dear world! Unnatural
 It seems to some—e’en wise, that prayer may
 serve,

That souls may revelations share, or souls
 Be souls, that back to primal purity
 May be rebirths; that I, deep pained for sin,
 May come to help of such as penitent
 On Me shall call. Less freedom Mine than
 men

Have, even slaves; less power have I to
 save—

Than men to slay! But, Man’s redemption
 more

And more complete; his reason, conscience,
 will,

Affections, brought to glad accord with Mine;
 Then, Nature, all these sad inharmonies,
 These strange misfits of being, shall right
 themselves.

Of Natural and Supernatural

They shall not with an unwise wisdom prate,
 Swearing to this, swearing at that. They shall
 Confession make of this one simple Creed:

‘In God, the Father Almighty, I believe,
 Maker of heaven and earth, and Jesus Christ
 His Son, and Immanent Holy Ghost—One
 God;

Therefore one World, one broad Humanity,
 One Life, Love, Nature, in the One I AM!

“ My Infidels (for some I claim who claim
Not Me in name ; I being oft set forth
In such grotesqueness e'en Mine angels smile
At such My strange deformities ;—or would,
Save they so lead some strongest souls astray ;
True Me they love and honorably serve ;
My Infidels) though oft misled elsewhere,
Be right in this : in holding steadfastly
There be not two antagonistic worlds ⁽⁴⁾
With laws and purposes and Lords at war.
Grievous their error, limiting My domain
To what eyes see, hands touch, nerves feel ;
as though
The Soul hath not her sense also where-
with
She knows the deeper verities. Compared
With that most true, transcendent sphere,
This mundane life's the imponderable one ;
Where shadows move, where shadows shadows
see,
On shadows feed, get shadow-hurt or good,
Where shadows quarrel with shadows whether
there be
Real trees, clouds, mountains, genuine souls,
and God !
Elsewise they err ; but herein be they right,
Saying the Here and There truly agree ;
The Supernatural is God ; elsewhere, the Nat-
ural
And Supernatural, so called, be one !

“How other? Many Spheres! Spheres
within spheres ;
And spheres beyond! One world men see
and hear ;
Nor only kindred worlds be unobserved ;
But Worlds of other worlds, which neither
men
Nor angels dream of ; 'tween which is no
touch,
Though into one another thrust, as waves
Of light and gravity and vital fire
Do interplay in the wide ether realms,
Nor e'er impinge e'en though from rival
spheres ;
Their only rivalry to bless all worlds
With grace and consciousness of God. But as
To th' life of Time and After-Time ; on
earth,
In heaven ; man's physical form and his fine
soul ;
His life is one, and seen and unseen powers
Combine, and one law rules, and Heaven is
near,
And here her laws obedience require.
Here unseen ladders lift from every knoll
And humble, fruitful vale, up which angels
Convey earth's prayers, and downward to poor
men
My hasting benedictions. Thus behold,
The Natural Supernatural in Life.

Only 'tis sin that for a time disjoins ;
'Tis man's self-will conflicts ; his errant heart
Brings rude debate and blundering rivalries.

XII

“ Behold the Infinite's daring ! forming one
With a free-will that braves dispute with
 God ;
One that coerces the Divinity
Within him to a new creation ; ay,
An empire of his own, from which he aspires
The original Creator to thrust out !

“ Why chafe at this, when one may ask as
 well,
Why made I world-stuff ever ? How came I
So deep dissatisfied with Self, I needs
Though infinite must finite Being make ?
How came I to be I ? How waked to start
This task of building worlds ? What next
 My fad
When this toy-making and toy-playing's done ?
How long before I tire of being God ? ”

Lord God ! Art Thou not weary of Thy years
 So anciently begun ?
O, had'st Thou but some noble, worthy peers
 With Thee in unison ;
Then might'st Thou patience have with humble spheres
 So low beneath the sun !

Lord, hast Thou not sometime bemoaned Thy choice
 That in Thy form us made,
 Only to turn in self-will from Thy Voice
 So we might masquerade
 In liberty? Can'st still in us rejoice
 Who thus Thy love repaid?

Thou hast Thy Peers, Thy Son, Thy Holy Ghost,
 Beginningless with Thee,
 Thou hast Thy multitudinous angel host
 That serve Thee endlessly!
 Us, through our freedom slaves, Thy grace shall most
 Illustriously set free!

The shackles that our wandering feet weigh down,
 The irons our hands that tie,
 Become through love glad golden chain and crown
 That vouch our liberty!
 Ah, might our shame but heighten His renown
 Who chose for us to die!

O Life of life! In this dead fruitless field
 Of human earthliness
 Thou plantedst deep Thyself for generous yield
 Of godlike manliness!
 Thy grave grows resurrections, Death is healed,
 Love dies into success!

“Nay, nay! Not tired, nor out of heart or
 faith

With man to whom I freely gave free-will,
 And its just dower of immortality!
 His glory, that with faculty of sin
 He stand in grand integrity and truth;
 If faithless, then My pride e'en at expense
 Of pain divine to win the wanderer back;

His very fall to teach him thenceforth stand
In sweetened penitence and grateful trust,
In larger, loyaller liberty of love!
What chance renowned hath thus Mine Only
 Son,
Mine Heir to vast dominion, to attest
Fine fitness for the throne,—grace, valor,
 faith,
Self-mastery, wise conquest of His foes —
Which murders not, but makes them glad
 allies!

“Meanwhile this earth is noble. It deserves
All the strong ardors wherewith sun and stars
Hold it in passionate embrace, so ne'er
It falters in its pace, nor turns aside
To orbits strange. I bless them that they
 kiss
Its pleasèd zones to warmth and fruitfulness.
Yet with far ampler blessing bless I earth
And sky and the benignant stars beyond,
Gently My children nursing, rearing them
To happy health and strength; all in pro-
 found
Accord with inmost spiritual life;
So health of this gives purer tone to that,
From each into and through the other free
Inflow of My good Spirit who in all
Deep dwells. On body and spirit, one in
 man,

As groom and bride now sacramented one,
 My favorite Benediction I pronounced :
 The Lord bless thee and keep thee ; the Lord
 cause

His face to shine, and gracious be to thee ;
 The Lord lift up His countenance on thee
 And give thee Peace! What I have joined let
 none

Dare put asunder ! Such divorce begets
 But anger and unhappy fruitlessness.
 So far as one pure spirit both pervades,
 Their union most complete. The very earth
 Seems born again ; the seen and unseen fit ;
 Angels and sainted heavens visit here !

“This squares with My first thought ; it
 matches prayer ;
 And inspirations, angels, miracles,
 And God ; no clashing ; one consentient
 whole.

This thank have I with all My heart to give
 The sceptics. To their sorrow, to Mine own
 Much more, the very verities they lose
 Clear vision of ! But rightly, nobly they
 Insist on the divineness, innocence,
 Necessity, and glory of the world,
 And the proud worth of man’s corporeal
 frame ;
 Through earthly glasses they see heavenly
 spheres.

Will some, then, deem Me wrong? Shall In-
fidels

Teach faith, deniers teach most inmost truth?

“Have some forgot that outside saint to whom
My Abraham paid tithes? Sore grieves it Me,
My own dear sons know not themselves, nor
Me;

Calling themselves and others by false names.

What if I have My atheists? What if they

Be right or wrong, according to what god

They disavow, and what godlikeness hate?

I, too, were Atheist, if coerced to own

The hideous travesties that in My Name

Have cursed the shuddering world! Do men
believe

In Me, and in My Christ? The Church, the
Clique,

The empty Credo some affect, put this

In doubt. Better be sceptic than make good

Men such! Believing sceptics have more
faith

Than unbelieving saints. The question is,

How far the spiritual vision holds;

How much of God one sees, feels, loves, in
Him

In whom the fullness of My Godhead dwells?

As wrote an ancient poet of that East

Whose glorious Dawn now breaks from Occi-
dent:

‘ There be who pass along the highway, pick
 A common stone, split it, and find a gem!
 This is because they know gems. There be
 they
 Who enter caverns lined with brilliant wealth,
 But empty-handed issue, knowing not gems!’⁽¹⁰⁾

“ My Scriptures say, to love and know be one.
 To souls inspired for whom all life is song
 Sweet music breathes from all the silent
 flowers.

To them the whirling wheels that swift beat
 time

Along the rails of steel, sing lullabies,
 Fugues, serenades, grand oratorios,
 As suit the passing mood ; to such more joy
 Of melody in lumbering trains of freight,
 Than the dull mob would hear from angel-
 choirs!

“ Through larger pupil some receive more
 light

At eventide than others at noon. Small souls
 Cannot see large! A great art-soul discerns
 More color in the purpling buds of March
 Than vulgar boors in Spring’s vast wealth of
 bloom,

Or Autumn’s goldened fields, vermilioned
 hills,

Enchanted mountains slumbering under piles

Of metamorphosed rainbows! He most meets
Requirement for My Faith, who with a large
Full-orbed capacity, fine spiritual nerve
Behind big pupil, sees essential truth ;
Catches the first faint glimmering of dawn ;
Misses no ray from heaven ; discovers quick
Whatever is of Me ; in spite of false
Head-learnings hath heart-learnings sound ;
 and though
By many a doubt and dogma blinded, sees
In Jesu's pensive face and lowly mind,
His tender speech and healing touch, His
 strange
And heavenly visioning, that life that dies
And through death lives immortal,—more of
 God
Than many a learned dolt, a well-trained
 parrot,
Who faith unsacraments, pronouncing all
The shibboleths of his school, yet knows not
 what
The grand first-born, fire-tried Confessions
 mean,
Since he hath not through Love's clear eye
 seen Me!

“ Who loves is born of God and knoweth
 God.

I dwell in man intenser than in worlds.

’Tis the divine within sees God without ;

As with reflecting telescopes souls off-
 Aim skyward, but look down into themselves
 And surprised see the clear reflected God !”

When human creeds contest, ⁽¹¹⁾
 And Scriptures feign would fight,
 Let man in his God-dwelt breast
 Discern the right.

“ Alas, that what should Me reveal, obscures ;
 That what should bind Me closest to Mine
 own
 Sunders, and turns My children’s trust away !
 But, Nature, not far hence thyself shalt be
 My friend unhindered, clear interpreter
 To men of My profound intents. Be Thou
 My Book, My Grace, Man’s second Trinity !
 I tell thee, thou art true ; and truth alone
 Thou speakest. Verily no fault I find
 In thee. Fair all thy forms. Thy discords
 help
 To deeper harmonies. True souls thy thought
 Shall readily catch ; shall not mistrust, mis-
 dread,
 Misread, misuse, misprize thee ; but shall face
 Thee straight, ask thy full mind ; then dare
 receive,
 Believe it, write it down, strongly commend
 Thee to their sons, unfeared what thy speech !
 O, Second Home, and Church, and Bible, thou,
 To such as in deep depths of love love Me !

“Now, Nature, will we haste sad misconceits
To cure and hurtful heresies to heal.
Already fleeth Darkness, dawneth Day!
Dost note how mend these times; how Love
its wise

Supremacy assumes? Love comes, a king
Of kings. Love is the New Messiah, like
The Nazarene anointed prophet, priest,
And king; true Prophet, teaching larger souls
The larger truths; Priest, making altars rich
O'er all the gospelled world with offerings
Of wealth and labor, lovely, lofty life,—
Him copying who on awed and awful Cross
Kissed hate to love, and death to immortal
life;

King also, kingly King, whose wholesome sway
Not slays but quickens, guides, regenerates;
Whose laws obeyed augment man's liberty,
Whose widening sweep helps civilization on,
And fast compels the nations into peace!
O grand Shalomic Peace, whereof the Seers
Of ancient Israel had vision, and spake oft,
With threefold richness of significance;
A tranquil peace, with happy plenteousness,
A people prosperous under smile of God!”

XIII

More God! More God! let's cry;
With measure slight we die.
More God! The generous thrill
Strong through! Oh, not until

Charged with His millionth volt, (¹⁹)
 We find safe Thunderbolt!
 'Tis some few hundred odd
 That kill. Dare take more God!

“All Life is one, I immanent in All;
 The child-cry and strong song of seraphim;
 The worm and man of kindred ancient dust;
 The palpitating ether that fears not
 The spheres of fire; and spheres of solid fire
 That but for ether's wings might never fly
 Their dancing radiance down the steeps of Day;
 The surging swing and sway of ocean-tides
 At silent signal of the midnight moon;—
 Above all, through all, in all, immanent I!
 Thou hatest a vacuum; I more! My might
 And light, My love and life, press hard through
 each
 Dear rift of Opportunity. And still
 In Man dwell I intenser than in worlds.”

Infinite God! So far away
 Above our painèd stretch of thought,
 O might'st Thou towards our weakness stray
 So we would see Thee as we ought!

Ah, might'st Thou but more finite be,
 Nor less the God, yet more the Man;
 'Twere health, 'twere life, 'twere ecstasy—
 Thy hand to touch, Thy face to scan.

Once wert Thou here in human frame,
 But, O, so long ago it seems;
 The distant God becomes a Name,
 We seem to see Him as in dreams!

Come down the heavens, come down the years,
Grow like us, Lord, except our sin;
Whisper our eager listening ears
Thou livest deep ourselves within.

O Soul within this soul of mine,
I hail Thy sacred immanence;
May mine be Thine, and Thine be mine,
One interdwelt intelligence!

Spirit of God, O help me when,
Wearied with crying toward yon skies,
To Thee, my heart's dear Denizen,
Inward I turn my longing eyes.

Thee, in my heavens and earth within,
With better than poor praise I bless;
To Thee I trust my headstrong sin,
Soft resting in Thy warm caress.

O Sovereign Soul within me, heal
The broken bone, the failing heart;
And to my weaknesses that kneel
To Thee, Thy strengthening grace impart.

Welcome, my soul's delightful Guest!
Help smooth each angered, angering frown,
Sing this torn breast to calm and rest,
And lave and love these passions down.

So may the heavens within me be
Symbol of Thy pure heaven above,
Clear as the cloudless, crystal sea,
Irradiant with Thy golden love!

“In man I dwell intenser than in worlds;
The trillioned ether-waves that quiver down
The infinite star-realms be but the glad,

Exultant, heart-beats of the great World-Soul
 That throbs eternally. These signify
 How through the human heart with threefold
 thrill

Pulsates My quickening life; now radiant
 light,

Now fine and firm attractions; euphonies now
 That far transcend the music of mere spheres!

“The world is full of melody and light.
 Whene’er I choose the solace of a psalm,
 The listening souls of ether loose their lips
 In lustrous praise. Ay, think what martial
 strains

By little piping fifes lead armèd hosts
 Through death to victory! Æolian harps
 Let not the wild winds pass, except they pay
 Their tribute of a song. The world’s alive
 With psalms and symphonies; but leaden ears
 Hear not. If in a robin’s throat such notes
 Of joy, if through some humble organ-reeds
 Such overwhelming melody of praise,
 Then from th’ innumerable pipes that reach
 unseen

To heaven, what thunders drown what thun-
 ders grand!

“I, immanent in all, see, hear, feel all.
 If ever weary with the antheming joy
 I some selectest spot indwell (as once

The Holy of Holies) where by My key-board⁽¹³⁾

I tap the music of what world I will,
Or set star-choirs a-singing, having each
Its own distinctive *motif*, as each hath
Its spectrum that doth show its temper well ;
These songs without rough words I love to
hear ;

These interblending, then what psalmodies
Magnifical be Mine ! As once one said,
And well : ' From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.'

So, on each globe revolving round and round
Like some vast phonograph, the songs and sighs,
The frowns and smiles of universes play ;
And æons distant, whensoever I choose,
Though all the stars but one had disappeared
In death, this only with full freight of years
I may turn backward, and shall hear again
The myriad messages and musics, all
That men mistakenly had deemed forgot !”

A myriad music lies asleep,
Unknowing and unknown,
Till through the reeds with tuneful sweep
The breath of God is blown.

Then through the waking pipes there thrill
As love shall touch the keys,
Now loud and grand, now soft and still,
The heavenly melodies.

Lord, gather from each vagrant wind
 The songs that idling roam,
 So in these pulsing pipes they find
 Their own harmonious home.

Let golden pipes give golden song
 For olden hearts and young;
 No songless soul in all the throng,
 No gift of God unsung!

Lord, might we but responsive be
 To each dear touch of Thine;
 Our lives an anthem unto Thee
 With theme and tune divine!

“Such thoughts be dear to Me. The world
 is dear;
 E'en this which strikes the physical sense;
 But dearer far that realm by eyes unseen,
 By ears unheard, that soul-life that lies close
 To Mine, which interweaves and interlives
 And interloves with Mine. Souls outweigh
 stars,
 Outshine them, and outlast. In them I dwell
 More immanent than in worlds. My Poet
 brake
 In San Giovanni a classic font, and spilled
 The holy waters on the floor, to save
 A babe from drowning,—sacred sacrilege;
 And I would crush My handful of big worlds
 Sooner than hurt one heart that seeks My
 face!
 The songs of such I love; by them am I

E'en cheered. Close to their lispings lips I lay
Mine ear, then rise to bless them. Here once
more

I by My key-board sit, and wire each soul
To give Me some sweet song. Who singingly
Asketh Me most, most pleaseth Me. In touch
Keep I with all; and the good lives men
live,

And the brave fights for righteousness they
fight,

And the true trust they cherish in My grace,
And the sad tears they shed o'er sin, their
pleas

That would coerce the mercy of a tyrant,
Their proud, exultant fealty to My Christ,—
These be to Me songs in My sometime-night
To brighten up the darkness into day!

I dwell in the spiritual ether which
Pervades, outspreads the springing spheres;
wherein

Sweep eager waves of light and might and
song;

Their rich vibrations be the deep heart-throbs
And heaving breathings of the Mighty God.

XIV

“They who to Nature's bosom closeliest lie
Best note the pulses of My heart; and such
As deepest dwell in Me hear Nature best,
And understand her language and intent.

"Therefore I planted on this planet Man,
 A child of immortality in clay,
 In his fine form erect, with vision clear;
 His life below, his hopes beyond the stars;
 Product and heir of all past centuries,
 Hope of sublimer ages yet to be.
 He meets My noblest purpose, who spurns not
 This mundane life as base, or the next as vain;
 But stands straight up with both feet on the
 earth,
 His head uplift, his hands upon his task,
 His vision clear for service near and far,
 His heaven-hopes e'er kindling worthier zeal,
 His joy in duty done here whetting his taste
 For loftier aims and worthier work beyond;
 Proud of his birthplace, faithful to his home,
 And bound to keep his name and title clean!
 Such healthy, holy, whole Man is My son!

"Such, too, My Chosen. Not a weakling He;
 Nor 'shamed of earthly friends and common
 toils.

His Mother was a royal peasant maid;
 And Joseph a blunt honest carpenter;
 His brothers and His mates used to catch fish
 And sell them in the village market-place;
 Himself a home-trained carpenter, and all
 His humble work was honorably done.
 Had He been called to carve an oaken throne
 Or build a ship for Cæsar, He had not

More honorably wrought than for the needs
Of peasants. 'Twas His father's business He
Would be about; as patient mending chil-
dren's toys
As rearing stately homes and palaces.

“Thus all His World-Work is most worthily
done
From earliest planting to this fruiting time;
No base material, no slighted task;
As genuine gems at the great mountain's core
As on the surface shine; the unsearched
depths
Of oceans fuller of life all-beautiful
Than the wide fields and forests and the air;
All honest art, and glorious, even like
The Heavenly City, whose foundation walls
Be garnished with all manner of precious
stones.

“And patiently Christ toileth through the
years.
Not ended yet His plans. His Day is near!
'Tis ever so; His Day is always near!
The Lord's at hand; but the Final Day yet
waits,
Shall yet wait long. If millions of old years
Were in mere laying the foundations used,
The structure in its building must take time;
And, once the edifice erected, sure,

After such pains and skill it must stand long,
 Temple and Home and Palace of the King.
 No long-drawn ages patient with the fires
 And frosts, the scouring glaciers and the surge
 Of seas, and all the slow evolving life,
 E'en loveless lingulæ lingering the long while;
 And then for Man immortal in Mine image
 A heartless haste, undignified, shuffling
 Him off,—him worthy of the world, and world
 For him; ere yet she gets her pay for all
 Her trouble, or he learns to use her as
 Abusing not, having hope set on Me
 Who richly give him all things to enjoy!
 Nay, he, rich in good works, and readily
 Distributing, shall lay in store a good
 Foundation 'gainst the time to come,
 So holy ages upon ages may take hold
 Upon that life which is true Life indeed.

“This world I had My Son build for My
 praise;

Its central aim to incarnate mighty love;
 For this, Creation travaileth till now.
 The Infant of the Years dies not a babe!
 Not near earth's close came Christ its lost to
 save.

The ancient dispensations were but steps
 That to the holy Temple led. The bulk
 Of human life was not to be bare hope
 Of what should be, but rest in mercy wrought.

No centuries of blind feeling after God,
The finding to be followed by collapse!
That were to take the prelude for the song,
The organ's tuning for the volumed praise.
Nay, nay! When after many centuries
The Baptist cries: 'Behold the Lamb of God!'
He calls to ages upon ages yet to come.
When Jesus cries: 'Look unto Me all ye
Most utmost ends of earth, and be ye saved!'
He calls not chiefly those who, long since dead,
Foreheard Him and foresaw; nor those who
dwell

In centuries adjacent His brief stay;
But to the denser populated years
That stretch immeasurable ages on,
My countless children through yet countless
times.

Earth's no wee playhouse of the Bethlehem
Babe,

To be rash toppled over soon as built;
'Tis My Christ's home to dwell in; glorious
Church

For centuries on centuries of prayer;
His palace, whence shall issue, till Far End,
Rights and redemptions, law and love and
life!

"O, hear His Voice: 'Surely I quickly Come!'
Answer, 'Amen! E'en so, Lord Jesus, Come!'
His Time is Past. 'Tis the yet Far Unseen.

'Tis close at-hand. Lo, in the heavens the
Sign!

Behold, the Son of Man cometh in clouds,
(How clouds conceal the while they glorify),
With power and glory great! And every eye
Shall see Him, even they that pierced Him.

All

Earth's carnal kingdoms wail because of Him.
Take heed; watch; pray; for ye know not
The Time!"

Cometh He now with holy angels bright?
Cometh He now in robes of lordly light?
Cometh He now to wipe earth's orphan-tears?
Cometh He now to right the wrongs of years?
Cometh He now to help our hurt of sin?
Cometh He now to bring His Kingdom in?
Cometh He now Hell's stubborn gates to storm?
Cometh He now His government to form?
Cometh He now our wars and woes to cease,
Head over all, the mighty Prince of Peace?
Cometh the End, when the crowned Victor shall
Himself be Subject, God be All in All!

"Ay, even so. Yet patience, Sons of Men;
E'en now He cometh, and forever shall!
The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed!
And for an age of ages shall He rise
Till zenith of the earth's high-noon be reached,
When the Prophetic Voice shall loud command
The sun on this wide Gibeon to stand still
Till conquering Christ put all beneath His
feet!

“But know He cometh never as men deem ;
Sages from far amongst the pagan fanes
Followed their Star and found the Infant
God,
When they who kept His temple knew Him
not.
When found at length, these thought Him
good ally
To aid their schemes of wealth and pomp and
power ;
Most useful member of their business-firm ;
A prince to well reward His partisans with
office ;
Ahasuerus over, they the great
Rich Hamans riding proudly at His side !
O, even he who leaned on Jesu’s breast
Must quarrel with Simon for hanged Haman’s
honors !
His Coming ever, even now, the same ;
Too oft the manger open but the palace
shut ;
The wise, the strong, the reverend, all, stark-
blind,
While humble shepherds find Him, and
adore !”

Mary and Joseph down to Bethlehem came
To pay the Roman taxes, as assessed.
Wherefore ?
To signify the Babe of wondrous Name
Would pay sin’s taxes on a world oppressed.

The Babe not in the Inn but humble Manger
 Opened wide eyes upon surprisèd earth.

Wherefore ?

To signify how He, strange little Stranger,
 Would love and lodge with men of lowly birth.

The Cattle chewed their cud, then gravely sought
 To see the Little One they would not bruise.

Wherefore ?

They saw their masters' Master there, and thought,
 Who cared for oxen would not men abuse!

Some Shepherds heard the happy Angels sing
 Of the dear Child, and Peace to good-willed men.

Wherefore ?

O, He would be kind Shepherd and would bring
 His Sheep safe home, and Angels sing again !

From Persian plains three Pious Pagans brought
 Their precious gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Wherefore ?

God's Own Untaught have oft His robes rich wrought,
 While Greed and Creed builded His sepulchre !

These Wise Men came straight to Him from afar,
 Whilst nearby King and Jewry found Him not.

Wherefore ?

Clear Day shall dawn on who mind glimmering Star!
 Lo, Infinite God in th' Infant's hallowed grot !

Then Herod for the Child made angry quest;
 Failing, slew all the Innocents in town !

Wherefore ?

He kills the Infant-Angels in his breast,
 Who welcomes not the Christ-King, and His Crown !

Ever God's Star ariseth in some East;
 Ever His Babe is in some Manger born !

Wherefore ?

All noble souls but deem themselves the least !
 All Days of God begin with star-lit Morn !

“ Wherefore, God cometh never as men deem.
The Highest to the lowly, lowly bends.
Ever hath He the hungering filled with good ;
Ever proud rich hath empty sent away !
Therefore the poor in spirit blessed be.
Lowly, and riding on an humble beast,
Into each proud Jerusalem He rides ;
To his imperial kingdom o’er the earth,
He comes not with proud, painful pageantries,
Parades of triumph, mobs of learned fools.
No tool of tyrants and no pet of thieves,
E’en from the sanctuaries will He frown
And lash the sacrilegious robbers out.
He preaches his Beatitudes again ;
Blessed the poor in spirit, they that mourn,
The meek, the thirsters after righteousness,
The merciful, the pure, the peacemakers ;
They shall see God ; they shall His Children
be !

XV

“ Now dawns a new and stately Day ;
A century of centuries at hand ;
Nature is quivering with spontaneous thrill !
More eager she than man, herself uplifts
Her veil to catch the Coming of the Christ.
Nature doth feel the pressure of His feet ;
And the winds and the woods and the waters
watch and pray
For Man’s and her Redeemer’s hasting speed.

Dost note how eager and most jubilant she
 That men explore her treasuries. Day by
 day
 Some reverent searcher for the New meets
 rich
 Surprise. Impatient, she cannot endure
 That such vast stores of blessing be not blessed
 Through sacred service. Sorely grieves it her,
 Her waves grow weary with their useless
 surge,
 Storming stern crags, and grinding grists of
 sand,
 Omnipotent in rage since impotent
 To help!

“Sore grieves it her, her mighty winds
 Sail wailing down the main since o’er the land
 Their errands with sweet tidings be so few.
 Sore grieves it her, her lightnings shrieking
 fly,
 Striking the jagged peaks, angered since they
 May not in softer voice whisper of glory
 To God on high, and peace to good-willed
 men
 On earth! The electric centres of the globe
 Through loud Ætnean trumpets make de-
 mand
 Outlet be given them instantly, so they
 May harness their huge might to draw the
 world

Towards ampler civilizations! Some grand
Day

Her prayer for the conversion of the heart
Of this strange earth to God's and Man's be-
hoof

Shall gladly granted be ; so, were the sun,
Discouraged at her long delay in sin, to veil
His face in shadows, out of soul of earth
Would issue what would wake the cold to
warmth

And bury darkness under flowers of day.

—Type of My Christ, forth from whose piercèd
side,

When men frowned hatred on Him and the sun
Withdrew his pleasèd smile so very rocks
Did shiver into fragments with the chill,
Poured that all-procreant light of love, which
since

Hath filled these fields with happy, fruitful
life.

“ All these do signify what hides in Man ;
What yet unharnessed waves of passion ; what
Strange winds that wander aimless through
his skies ;

What untapped centres of prolific might,
What warring loves mistreated unto death ;
Which, nursed and schooled and handed to
dear Christ

For His redeeming, would in turn redeem.

O, many a tomb for humble Joseph builded
 Dreams not it holds some Christ for resur-
 rection !

“Not only on fair Resurrection-Morn
 When I shall call the dead to Judgment dread,
 When forth from lands and seas shall rise
 The multitudes new-bodied and new-souled ;
 But here henceforth shall resurrections be ;
 The tastes, the loves, the aims regenerate,
 These bodies temped by My Holy Ghost,
 Responsive to their inner Master’s call ;
 Corruption into incorruption changed,
 Mortal to immortality, Death robbed
 Of sting, Grave spoiled of vaunting victory ;
 Such affluent health affirmed of influent
 grace !

Thence, through the pure and purifying heart
 Fresh vital blood pure as the mountain-springs.
 Thence manly forms on bones of steel to bear
 The burdens and the toils of life. Thence
 nerves

Instant and vibrant to the soul’s demands.
 Thence brain that easily, widely, wisely learns,
 And with a wisdom born of healthy heart
 Elects a life of love and use supreme !
 Such godlike race shall make a godlike world ;
 Thenceforth nor sun nor moon ; the Glory of
 God

Shall lighten it ; the Lamb the Light thereof !

“Let but My Cross be lift o’er all the world,
(My Cross, I say, not that alone of quivering
wood

And penitent nails, whereon once helpless
hung

My Son, thus helpfuller to be;) let but
My Cross, My Cross of Love, whereon in
heaven

As well as earth, self sues for service, pleasure
Is pleased with sacrifice, love longs to lose
Herself in others’ joy, and Death through
death

Comes reborn to sweet life;—when this shall be,
My kingdom is at hand; and very Earth’s
True kingdom is at hand; most opulent
With gold and gems, with commerce and with
craft,

With glorious manhoods, statesmanships re-
nowned,

Learnings and sciences, wise faiths and hopes,
Wars emulous of the victories of peace;
Nature and grace at last in sweet accord.

The Altruism of science comes to be
At one with great Christ’s ancient Agape!”

Out of the plains lift the mountains,
Out of the mountains pours wealth,
Out of rough rocks flow fair fountains,
Out of the fountains sweet health,
Out under hills creep green meadows,
Under thin soil hides a sphere,

Out of cloud-frowns God's soft shadows,
 Out of dark trials bright cheer !
 Out from the night the stars glisten,
 After long struggle comes ease,
 Out of earth's tumults we listen
 For the Coming of Christ and His Peace !
 Out from dissensions of sages
 Truth as from promiseless clod,
 Out from the conflicts of ages
 Kingdom and Glory of God!

" Meetly, My children, sing ye forth your joy
 At thought of Christ and His long reign of
 peace ;

Peace in the soul that knows My parent-heart,
 Peace in the conscience manful for the right,
 Peace in the life at concord with itself,
 Peace in the Church where now rude rancors
 rule,

Peace in the home where peace at-home should
 be,

Peace in the rival toils and trades of men,
 Peace among jarring factions of the State,
 'Twixt Christian Nations peace from Christless
 strife ;

Thrice happy Earth, peace be within thy walls,
 Prosperity within thy palaces !

" Meetly and sweetly, O My children, sing !
 In all this world lie worlds of worlds asleep ;
 But Morning dawns, and quickly forth they
 rise,

As at some Resurrection, when sounds clear
From near and far the trumpet; then from
 plains,
Seas, mountains, shall they come,—long buried
 mights;
And from beneath dead deserts shall they
 spring,
From buoyant air, and yet more tenuous
 ether,
And elements subtiler still compared where-
 with
The very ether hath a curious grit.
In Christ all life is made alive again.

XVI

“ Even as He saith: ‘Lo, I am come so men
Have life, and have it more abundantly.’
Earth’s blackest stones be but condensèd fire;
Her dark and deep abysms, net-worked
 through
With arteries of ancient liquid light,
Pulsate as though some giant heart below
Throbbèd to irradiate the world above.
The mountains, stoic and stern, that never
 bend
The knee to Me, but standing stiff loud thunder
 forth
Their worship, with empurpled pinnacle
Point toward My throne the homage of the
 plains!

O, but these mountains, mausoleums vast
 Of distant ages, where with tier on tier
 Repose the generations of the dead,
 Whose various life greeted the first faint dawn
 Of procreant sun upon the planet; these
 Now yield their dead as though Christ's trump
 did sound,
 To rise in richer life, in flowers and fruits,
 In singing harvests, towering forest growths,
 In architectures, in great ships that put
 The power of ocean to the strain; then Man,
 Forethought of Mine, though afterthought of
 earth,
 For whom the earth was born, for whom My
 Son met death!

“Ever I plow and plant the centuries
 Anew, each crop good in its time, but yet
 Of richer products prayer and prophecy.
 In all the lands lie buried treasures, hid
 Not by some pirate, but the generous years.
 Strange! Ice-huts keep My northern children
 warm,
 The stored-up winter serves for summer
 health.
 What if, when temperate zones grow chill for
 want
 Of fuel, I bid men search beneath the Poles,
 And underneath the Borealis gleam,
 And underneath the creaking glacier's glare,

Where winds the fiercelier shriek for lack of
prey,
There search and find great treasuries of fire
And force, forerunner of new lengthening life,
Until still larger wealths along the shores
Of time be found? Just as when many in
fear
Have asked whence nations shall draw gold, to
meet
Requirements of the multiplying race
In multiplying arts and industries;
In far forlorn Alaskan fields of cold
Where hungered mountain chasms yawn for
food,
The yellow Yukon and her confluent streams
Be not unlike the New-Jerusalem streets,
E'en of pure gold beneath transparent glass!

“What, too, if th' ancient alchemists were
right?

What if, when need shall rise, My learnèd ones,
Find out the art of Jesu' at the feast

Where His sweet presence gave to marriage
rite

More tender sacredness, and many a water-pot
Of many a common element be turned
To sumptuous vase, brimful of wines and
wealths?

And wherefore not? Already, unaccused
Of heresy, shrewd savons speak of two,

Possibly three, possibly one alone
 Essential prime, wherefrom has been begot
 Creation's multiform atomity.

"Again, and wherefore not? Look at this
 ochrous ore.

The sower must not waste his seed on such
 Infertile soil! The children from their play
 May never bring this dirt into the house!
 Yet but for some slight intermingling iron
 How shall the life-sustaining harvests thrive?
 How trees be grown, or builded into homes?
 This lacking, how great ships be on the seas?
 Was it not hence King Solomon got his nails
 Abundantly for gold-bound doors and gates
 Of temple most magnificent, to Me,
 Of fame and glory throughout all the lands?

"'Tis the same all round stuff that stains the
 clay,
 With delicate art transforms the crystal pale
 To many a gem of reddening radiancy;
 Then, as though these were nought, the plum-
 ages
 Of happy songsters in the wood shall be
 As bright and merry as their madrigals.
 This genuine child of clay, strong grown, hav-
 ing tried
 His art on pebbles and on birds, is loth
 To make an end thereof; and every bush

Shall blaze with jewelry ; each flower in field
Or forest, atop the most aspiring pride
Of wooded knoll, or modest like thee, dear
Arbutus, flower I love much, 'neath dead
leaves

And snows blooming to grateful fragrance ;
each

Hath bloom and blossom tinged thereby.

Then this

Brave artist, as with coronet of flame,
With broader brush rich Autumn's nudded
hills

Russets and crimsons, to match well the glow
And glory of the sunset skies. This same
Plain stuff doth dare to touch fair maiden
cheek

With blush and flush of beauty, and whole-
some soul ;

And nerve and stiffen arm and spirit of man
For masterful encounter with the wrong,
And knightly might and courage for the
right !

Transcendent triumph in divine emprise !
Such Iron as held the Saviour to the Cross
Helps hold to Him else weakening sons of
men !

“Of gems, by the way, I spake. Earth is a
gem

On the fair finger of the Queen of Night ;

An antique jewel cut by Mine own art,
 Rough handled by the elements, sad worn
 By its rude handing down from age to age ;
 Intaglioed by the seas, and cameoed
 In continents that face Me with their prayers ;
 Fields smooth with th' smoothness of a child's
 soft cheek,
 Its mountains creased and wrinkled with its
 years ;
 Yet looked at from afar, divinely, this
 Imperial gem doth glow and blaze and praise
 Transplendently among the stars of heaven ;
 First having such rare qualities of substance
 As few spheres other have ; and next its own
 Inherent glory hath been well transformed,
 Incarnadined and glorified by Him,
 Who, with a love stronger than bands of steel,
 Auguster and more radiant than the sun,
 So chivalrously redeemed My wandering ones,
 That when I come to make My jewels up
 This gem shall outshine all upon My crown !

" Wherein is parable. I say not now,
 (Since Nature's secrets 'tis not Mine
 Rash to disclose—lest men shall lose the joy
 And inspiration of well-paid research,)
 I say not now, such interchange exists ;
 Nor that one matter all such forms may take ;
 Nor say I what is Matter, what is Soul,
 Nor how one may the other interdwell,

As in plain Man, in Christ ineffably ;
Nor what that subtle essence of this or that
Which Resurrection predicates and shall
More clearly show ; though this I ask the wise
Philosophers who to Lord Motion would
Resolve it all ; How may this strange thing
be,

Since motion means a real somewhat to move ?
On these not now I dogmatize. Nature
Is her own wise interpreter to such
As reverently seek, nor would I choose
To spoil that fine exhilaration, nor
That broader growth of soul that comes of
search
Profound.

“ Nature, be it well understood,
Is not alone the outward rind which oft
Is coarse and acrid, but the luscious fruit
Within ; not the creased bark,—the spines,
the wens,
Nor mystic foliage, nor brave trunks of trees,
Alone ; but that sweet extract of the rills
And hills which up and down so silently
Convoys each atom, building up the bush
Into the forest’s towering pride. Nor this
Only is Nature ; but, far deep within
The vital sap there flows more silently
The liquid life of My pure Spirit. This
Is Life of life, Nature all nature ’neath ;

And who would her well understand must
 keep
 In his deep soul this rich indwelling life.
 This is true Substance, having myriad forms."

Matter and spirit, ethers, pulses, these
 Be few contents with crude analyses;
 Only let each prove perfect in its sphere,
 And its own mission honor and revere;
 Only let Soul, supremest under Me,
 To the All-Soul attent and yielding be,—
 And Cana's wedding festival anon
 Invites the benedictions of God's Son;
 And humblest earthen water-jars refine
 To golden amphoræ of golden wine!

"Ay, what shall Cana's miracle attest?"

O Hallowed Day! O fairest Feast!
 Where Jesu glad consents to be,
 Where, none more welcome than the least,
 Love holds her jubilee!

O, not in Cana's humble room,
 But wheresoe'er His kindred meet,
 Jesu, the Church's own Bridegroom,
 Each guest doth welcome greet.

Hither let all draw near and see
 The wondrous wisdom of the Lord,
 His elemency in majesty,
 And hear His helpful word!

Beside His board in peace recline;
 If food be lacking, bread is He;
 If wine, behold the life divine
 He poureth free for thee!

Our earthen vessels, frail and slim
He turns to carven urns of gold,
And fills them to the flowing rim
With wine-wealth manifold.

Dear Jesu, these poor hearts of stone
Convert to vessels of Thy grace,
Filled with a fullness all Thine own,
Reflectors of Thy face!

Be life Thine amphora amply filled
With tears made sweet, and toil an ease,
Which Thou with Thy dear love shalt gild,
New worldful of Thy peace!

So age on age the miracle
Goes on, wherein the Lord transforms
The ill to good,—strange spectacle,
Rainbows right out from storms!

O welcome, welcome, Jesu, be
The struggling centuries to come,
If through Thy gracious chemistry
Thou create Christendom!

So, as at Cana's festival,
It shall again be said that Thou
Through prescient power and mystical
Hast kept the best till now!

“Lo, once again at wedding festival
Attends the Wedding-Guest who lustre gave
To Cana's simple rites. The stalwart World
Stands Bridegroom, and the Spirit, deeply
veiled
So her fair features be but dimly seen,

The Bride. The mystic words of mystic love
 Are spoken ; they that once were twain be one ;
 The pleasèd Christ His benediction gives ;
 Their marriage is complete ; as with the
 Church —

One Lord, one faith, one baptism, henceforth
 one !

O, ne'er such holy espousals ; ne'er such wise
 Affection, promise of such progeny, —
 My sons and daughters who shall prophesy.
 Did not My gentle shepherd-poet write
 That 'of the soul the body form doth take,
 For soul is form and doth the body make' ?
 So when in one the soul and body meet,
 The man, the life, the world, all is complete.

“ Whereby is signified ; the holy hour
 Draws nigh, when reverent purpose doth in-
 cline

The seen and unseen, body and fair soul,
 To loving union ; each in other finding
 Dear counterpart and object of true love ;
 Such marriage-rite the Master glad attends !
 Whereby is further signified, that just
 So far as Man, and then through him the earth
 Welcomes My love, I am to all e'en more
 Than bride or bridegroom to the other. What
 Said great Isaiah for Me once ? Man ! Earth !
 'Thy Maker is thy husband ; Lord of Hosts
 His Name, and thy Redeemer th' Holy One

Of Israel, God of the whole earth, He!
Wide prayer was that of Jesu: 'May they all
Be one, as, Father, Thou in Me, and I
In Thee, that they may one become in Us!'
Whereby further is signified, the Hour
Draws nigh when, as at Cana, Christ again
By miracle transforms to priceless wine
All the plain waters that through homely soils
And rifted cliffs flow, and through poison fens,
And the great fountains of the seething sea;
Whilst under His inspiring word dull Earth
Doth lose its vulgar earthliness, and turn
To splendent urn, worthy its wine divine.
Ay, by My glad right hand I pass it round
So stars may see its beauty and taste its grace!

"O, dear to Me these Christly chemistries
That sweeten earth's most sweetest festivals;
That choose the happy craft of making old
Things new, of finding finest essences
Of flavors and soft fragrances in dusts,
Of teasing blazing diamonds from the night,
Brave rights from wrongs, and e'en through
 War's loud woes
Speeding Mine own dear Empress Mercy's
 reign!

XVII

"Ay, dear to Me earth's incompletenesses
That cry for quick relief! Jehovah would

Grow weary, deem not worth the while to
 live,
 Might He not treasure spend and mercy and
 might
 Helping the helpless, blessing more the bless'd.
 Hear what I hear from the vast voiceless
 Void!"

Nothing am I, yet immensest the mind can conceive;
 Nay, not conceive! As eternal as God! For Himself
 Deep in strange me findeth room for to dwell in. Indeed,
 All else must have a Creator but such need ne'er mine.
 Ever so anciently me God began to destroy;
 Ever my regions invaded; yet have I as much
 Quite as before; and forever at me may He hurl
 Infinite worlds, yet beyond Him, beyond Him, I fly.
 Runneth His word very swiftly yet swifter run I;
 Me His keen eye cannot see, nor His ear overhear;
 Nor sad complaint need I make I be nought in His sight;
 Only 'tis I that defeat Him; beyond Him I hie!
 Yet is the Master not grieved I outreach His stretched arm,
 Thanketh me He the long while for fresh space for His
 worlds;
 Yea, were He momentarily making spheres great beyond
 spheres
 Yet amplitudinous spaces through æons were His!
 Thunder-loud to Him the calls of Unseen and Unheard;
 To the eternal I AM calls the vast I AM NOT!

Naught am I, not am I, yet do more prayers come to me
 Than universes of life and of light high upraise!
 Since I be weak I am strong; I unseen hold great lights;
 O, 'tis the empty He fills; of the nought makes He all.
 Fill me with Thee, ay, with Thee! In the dark leave me not!
 To the eternal I AM cries the great I AM NOT!

O, if His children, His creatures, like me would but pray,
O, would but open their voids and just let the God in,
Worlds upon worlds of fair light should be theirs, and the
Lord's;

Agelessly glory to God, worlds upon worlds without end!
Here is more room for Thee, God! Set more spheres in array.
Thy prayers for room, lo, I meet with my prayer for more
Thee!

To the eternal I AM calls the endlessly endless AM NOT!

“ Ah, not in vain such voices from the Void;
They hint My further opportunity,
And quick Mine eyes behold where naught is,
warm

My heart grows for what is to be, and here
And there, beyond Beyond, Mine eager hands
Plant infant æons on fresh infant spheres!
And what hath been shall be; and what hath
not

To life shall leap; and unknown lights shall
burn;

And souls unlike all souls that ever grew,
Clothed in unique, majestic, beauteous forms,
Such as those new and diverse atmospheres
And gravities necessitate, shall feel
The vital thrill, and by My help work out
The problems of their destinies; if need
Be, helped therein by special grace of Him
Who by His incarnation and rich death
Hath won for Man his immortality,
For Earth her singular glory, for Himself
The holy Hallelujahs of the Worlds!

“ But if sweet passion move Me to fulfill
 The cry of I AM NOT, what answer Mine
 To children of Mine erst begetting, much
 Endeared through love expended on them long,
 And sacrifice of the Beloved One,
 And love for love returned, though sparingly ;
 Ah, still, whate'er their years, such younglings
 yet,
 Unskilled, weak, tempted, who just like dear
 babes

Know not a loving parent's name, only
 The father's smile, the mother's fond caress,
 And laugh or cry as pleasure prompts, or pain ?
 What means My Name ? Of Mine own right,
 I AM !

And then what stands it for, save that who
 will

May use that right of will and close thereto
 His hungering heart may name each varying
 want ?

As though to say, I AM thy Father, Mother,
 Husband ; yea,

I AM thy Child, to mould Me as thou wilt,
 In spiritual travail first, and then

In all thy spiritual patiences

With Me, thine inward life, in all thy loves

A Saviour ; or, a great spoiled Child angered
 And angering thee to tumult ; ay, better

Were I still-born than misreared up—thy
 curse !

“Nay, by My Godhead I protest against
Undeification such ; better blot out
Were I, and all My stars, than thus to fail
Of what I AM thy God for ! Nay, not so ;
My Name ineffable shall mean to thee
Blessings ineffable, and that who will
May use that right of will, and to I AM
May add what most godlike title he
May like, in heaven or earth, or right by hell,
Face heavenward ! Almost I envy those
Blest parents on the earth whose children
trust

Them so. What I do infinitely crave
Is that My children understand, love, like,
Me downrightly ; that I may bless them so.
An infinite pain, that infinite Fatherhood
Be trusted, fondled, and obeyed with less
Delight than graceless human parenthoods !

“Nor care I how My children this great
Name
Pronounce,—Adonai, Elohim, Jehovah,
Yahwe,—or whether awed affection stands
In worship mute before the Lord JHVH !¹
Only if heart of Man the heart of God
Doth seek, and trusting tell its humble need,
Such creed My soul with rare delight doth
read,
Such fairest prayer I grateful speed to heed.

¹The Hebrew unpronounceable divine NAME.

"Nor mind I though, unknowing this mystic
 Name,
 By other style they call Me, such as they
 By their poor infant-parents have been taught ;
 Nor though they lisp and stammer in their
 laud
 And prayer. If, John-like, they lay troubled
 heads
 Upon My bosom silently ; or if,
 Dear-baby-like, they peer into Mine eyes
 And laugh ; or stroke My cheek with chubby
 hands —
 Or lean and skinny through some starving
 woe ;
 I kiss them with My kisses o'er and o'er !
 Ay, if, their eyes unopened yet to th' light,
 They stretch their tiny hands as if for Mine,
 And, finding, leave them in My tender grasp
 As to My leading e'en then gently yielding ;
 I will, I will, their Father be !

"Or if

The little helpless nurslings toward My breast
 Reach up, and o'er and o'er for mother-cheer
 Shall feel, then Mother I be ; and each soft
 knoll
 Of fruitfulness shall be a nursing breast ;
 And the wide swelling bosom of the sea ;
 And the round globe, all mountain-nippled
 o'er

Like her of Ephesus, the many-breasted,—
(Nay, far unlike unfruitful Artemis,
Though she were heaven-descended, though
 had wings
To mount the skies again, though by each
 hand
Might lead a lion leaping to the chase;)
Ay, unlike her in sportful fruitlessness,
My many-breasted earth her bounteous milk
Should give to feed My babes; and sun and
 moon
And fervid star their palpitating breasts
Should earthward curve to give them nourish-
 ment!
O, these but shadows be of heavenly light,
Dim symbols of the mother-love of God
Upon whose bosom infant weakness, ay,
And infant penitence, their aching heads
May rest, sobbing their prayers; whiles I
Straight fold them in My soft, safe, sweet
 caress,
And stroke them down to quiet, and nourish
 them
So they fall soon to sleep, then wake to laugh!
O, can a mother her sucking child forget,
Nor have compassion for the son of her
 womb?
Yea, though she may, yet ne'er forget will I!
Nor useless labor Mine, but sweet reward.
Yea, have ye never read: 'Out of the mouth

Of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected
praise'?

O, I too, patriarch-like, shall be bereaved,
If of My Children I bereavèd be!

“The prayers that fly from souls distressed and
blind

With tears I catch, as arrows on the shield;
My thought not being whither the arrow flies,
But whether aimèd well, with purpose straight,
And with full strain of soul, so th' arrow flies
With one's full draw; and if so be, I'll see
The arrow finds the shield, or—shield finds
arrow!”

'Tis well to know our life's a school of training;
On benches hard we writhe through many a day;
Our lessons needing many a kind explaining;
With teachers dull and cross we make essay
To spell the mysteries out, oft-times complaining;
Yet happy we, that time not far away
Shall all our toil with worthy wealth repay.

We be young archers; and our prayers go flying
Hither and thither o'er life's mystic field;
What God asks is we do our faithfulest trying
To hit His shield; and if it be revealed
We aimèd well, our utmost force applying,
He says—liking the way the bow we wield:
“Shield finds the arrow that missed the aimed-at
shield!”

“So, if sweet passion move Me to fulfill
The Void's imploring calls, and then yet more

The half-unconscious cries of helpless babes ;
What answer Mine to souls of faith and brawn
Who Me have learned to serve ; great spirits
that burn

For holy deeds, court perils for My sake,
And wait intent and eager for My will ?
Such men, and th' causes they stand stoutly for,
Be filled with Holy Ghost. Yet still of Him
The more they hold, the ampler room for
more !

Spake not these visitants from worlds afar
Of great ' Earth's very emptinesses filled
With Deity ; Creation's fullnesses
For Him yet finding room ; vast underworlds
Of God ; of God in God ; of God outside
Of God ? Where most I dwell and thor-
oughest,

Right there is call for Me imperative.
If Man within his bosom deep God's Voice
Shall hear, shall not I hear Him and obey ?
I ask nor men nor angels bend in prayer
Where I pay not My richest reverence !
Deep was the thought of Jesu when He
taught :

' Who to the least of these My little ones
Good doeth, it he doeth unto Me.'

" Ay, unto Me ; the Soul of very soul,
Of life the Life ; wherefrom, wherein, whereto,
All being is ; ay, Me, in man the God

Who only makes him man! This son of man,
 Yet more this son of God, tingling all through
 With noble blood and purpose eminent,
 Æons behind him of persistent wars;
 Æons ahead—e'en now, as down some long
 High-archèd banquet hall, illuminate
 With joy, he sees the banneretted walls
 Already signalling his hasting triumphs,
 Him shall I not attend to when he calls?

“ 'Tis Mine own Voice within him that I hear.
 First by My Son divine made I from naught
 The earth and set it 'mong the glittering orbs,
 And then by His redeeming was it born
 Anew; now by these sons and daughters
 build

I it into a radiance supreme
 O'er all the constellations of the skies;
 My New Jerusalem out of heaven come down,
 These souls her flaming seraphs round My
 Throne

Whereon in majesty magnific sits
 The Son, My King of Kings and Lord of
 Lords!”

Now shall the Kingdoms of this world become
 The Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ!
 Forever and forevermore reigns He!
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord, Lord God Almighty,
 Who art and wast and art to come; because
 Unto Thyself Thou takest power, and reignest!

XVIII

“ Right wisely shall He rule who wisely loves ;
Nor His to hurt, nor to destroy in all
My holy mountain ! He with happy art
Of conquest blendeth gracious sovereignty ;—
As generous nations deal with isles redeemed
From bondage to the blinded bigots, strange
Unpriestly priests, whoredoms at very shrines
Of Mary, taxes throttled beggary yields
To pay the purse-proud persecutors’ fees —
To such, a noble nation freely grants
A freedom to be free ; free in their hearts
And hands, their homes, their hopes, freedom
from man
So they be free toward God ! Then shall their
shores
Welcome a friendly commerce, all their hills
Leap as before the Lord with fruitful palms ;
And chivalrous men arise, and virtuous dames ;
And sons and daughters stand and serve and
sing.
Such freedoms, treasures, children, giveth the
King !

“ Lo, who shall count the islands of the main
That heave their heads to breathe My vital
air ?
Or measure oceans that bemoan their wraths,
Nor dread their fate—‘ Let there be no more
sea ’ ?

Who, count the mountains that on reverent
brow

My sacred chrism receive, and stately stand,
As consecrated priests; as prophets, too,
That My truth see afar? Who, count the
woods

That bend before My breath in holy prayer
My sacramental waters to receive?

Who, all the plains that on their tables spread
The everlasting eucharistic feasts?

Or who, the deserts that long years have lain
With hearts sore prostrate o'er their barrenness
Till that there is a God they have forgot;
Yet underneath whose sterile sands there flow
Impatient streams that, hearing My clear
Voice,

Shall them surprise with fragrant, fertile
bloom?"

Bloom on, ye Deserts; from waste years surcease;
Calm you, ye Seas; Messiah speaks your Peace;
Mountains, behold, the darkness is withdrawn;
With torches gleaming, hail the hastening Dawn!
The Lord doth come with all His richest stores;
O Prince of Peace, Thy princely reign begin!
Lift up your heads, ye Everlasting Doors!
The King, the King of Glory shall come in!

"Now let My Noblemen to lordly tasks!
This their own Day, and Mine. Ye who the
signs
By clearer light discern, be men. In these

Colossal years sleep wakeningly the fires
Of generations. Down to you hath come
From hero-sires good stuff for martyrs. Rich
From their historic deeds your heritage!
Their hymns of faith still thrill to chivalry.
Right well they lived the Bibles that ye read,
Their margins all illumined by their blood —
That not for cowardness to crimson blushed —
Limned to lifelikeness of their Lord and
Christ!

“How hath Sir Truth like fearless warrior
waged
The fight! What arms, equipments, battle-
grounds;
At times defeat that nerved to stronger strain;
Then triumphs that for new ones edged new
zest!

Truth, first to last a hardy Hero, yet
From age to age with choicer arms arrayed,
Tutored in strategy, with comradeships
From hostile camps the fight of faith to fight!

“This Chieftain, at the first prime savage, clad
In raiment scant, in figure fine, at home
With the dark dangers of the woods, keen-
eyed,
Among the brutes Lord Brute, straight-hearted
he
As straight his arrow-flight at foe. Later

A wealthy Sheikh, his browsing beasts among,
 Obeisant to the stranger, to his guest
 Frank, unbetraying host ; to enemies
 Fierce as the mad simoom ; in thoughtful night
 Student of stars and God ; precursor he
 Of those Wise Men who in the East My Star
 Beheld, and with their golden gifts hasted
 To welcome and adore the Bethlehem Babe.

“Came then My priestly prophet-king ; true
 priest,
 Since in his soul burned sacrificial love ;
 Prophet, since love hath vision and godlike
 speech ;
 And genuine king, because like prophet he
 Had insight, therefore foresight, so real realm
 And rule ; his, only, right divine of kings.
 To him the writing of My Word did I
 Commit, My Covenant and Testament,
 My special grace and inspiration under,
 Whereof th’ essential substance stands forever,
 ‘Interpretation flexible, always
 Progressive with the fuller Holy Ghost,’⁽¹⁴⁾
 As men have light to see the light therein.
 As saith My Son : ‘I have yet many things
 To say to you, but now ye cannot bear
 Them. When the Spirit of Truth is come, He
 shall
 To full truth guide, and things to come make
 known.’

“Thenceforth till now have risen men of might
All peoples of the earth among, e’en those
To whom only bare echoes of the song
Have swung, and vagrant visions of the
 night,
But chiefliest among the happy heirs
Of Bible, Sacrament, Church, Charity;
(In whose sweet names, alas, what damnèd
 deeds
Of darkness sometimes wrought!) men of true
 might,
With vision vast, with breadth and brawn of
 grace,
Who low have laid demons of earth and air,
Angelic truths and ministries have planted;
And builded holy palaces wherefrom
The enthroned Christ wider forevermore
Extends His own divine benignant reign!

“Visions be theirs, great world-compelling,
 truths;
Labors herculean lightened much by love;
Nor more they heirs of all past ages than
Founders of wealths and healths for time to
 come;
Beacons that out upon the wave-swept cliff
Dare stand alone in the tempestuous dark
To warn the stranger off the dangerous way;
Toilers in mines of blackness so the earth
Get light; chivalric chieftains who for truth —

Though churchless world and worldly church
 should curse
 Them to the face—clear the bright path for
 what
 My Spirit may reveal of sacred New,
 While holding firm the olden, golden Good!
 That olden, golden Good, for which have
 stood
 My valiant martyrs, Christ's proud Brother-
 hood,
 Sealing their faith in sacrificial blood!"

Not less lov'st Thou the silver shafts of dawn,
 Nor less the midday's lustre on the lawn,
 Nor less the aureate splendors of the west,
 Nor less the stars that sing thy babes to rest!

Rich be these days in ancient and in new,
 Rich in true souls that either reverent view,
 In loves, lives, gospels, conquests that are come,
 And thy yet Christlier conquering Christendom!

O sacred Time for which the past was born,
 Of God's great Day auspicious, radiant morn,
 Heaven and the earth have waited for thee long;
 Now, long thy shining, clear thy song, and long!

"Yours now, My Chosen, mission high-re-
 nowned,
 Being true Sons of Mine, to be new christs,
 Creators and redeemers, making old
 Things new, and out of seeming nothingness
 Compelling spheres of service and of joy.

“Lo, where Euphrates pours her snow-born
stream

There now be found among the mournful
mounds

Of that Great Babylon I builded not,
As likewise where the tortuous Tigris winds
Her weary way, as though she might again
Her mighty Nimroud see rising to build
The city that I spared though her own sons
Destroyed; the chastely graven seals, couches
Of carven ivories, the tell-tale tiles,
The human-headed bulls and lions fierce
That stood for beastly-hearted conquerors,
Sceptres of gold, and lions' jewelled eyes,
The jasper, amethyst, emerald cylinders,
With royal dates and conquests all o'erwrit,
The very bricks the slaves trod on impressed
With the proud names and titles of the kings.
All these, o'erawed by their own ancientness,
Rehearse in sacred silences to these
Free-questioning years the olden Hebrew
Scripts

Of My creative and upbuilding power,
The low estate of man through primal sin,
The fearful fate befalling all the sons
And daughters of mankind; save only him
Who humbly hearkened to My warning voice,
Rebelled against the mad rebellion round,
And, warned by Me of things not seen as yet,
With pious fear prepared his house to save

In heaven-plann'd ark, condemned the world,
 and heir
 Became of righteousness which is by faith!

“So in her sackcloth and her ashes robed
 Doth Nineveh the highways of to-day
 Walk up and down, better than ancient Jonah
 Proclaim My message, preach My word, and
 cry
 To unbelieving Jonahs of the guilt
 Of sin, and th' tender mercies of their God!

“And thou, benignant Nile, who from thy
 source
 Among the equatorial heights and heats,
 Where the Moon-Mountains fain would kiss
 the stars,
 Dost lordly bring the treasures of the south
 To spread them through the rainless desert
 lands,
 And give thy gift of Egypt to the world,—
 Pouring thy wealth as many miles along
 As the rich River of Life thou signifiest
 Hath rolled its waters of salvation down
 The years; thou knowest how upon thy
 shores
 Most venerable dynasties have risen
 And fallen, with arts and learnings vast! O,
 not
 For naught thou lived'st. As in bulrush ark

Among thy waters smiled serene the babe
Who was to found My chosen Kingdom, so
'Twas thine to cradle many an empire grand,
And many a noble mission ; generous
Inspirer of the arts and arms and aims
Of peoples who, outlasting Egypt's prime,
Should tearlessly behold her mournful end !

“Nay, Egypt, liv'st thou still ! Thou who
of old

Did'st nurse the babe that gave the Hebrew
law,

And afterward safe-hide till Herod's death
The Virgin's Infant who all law fulfilled,
And in brave death won life for human-kind ;
In sacred hiding hast thou held till late
Thy priestly learnings and thy reverend rites,
Thy magic arts, the secrets of thy skill
That planted firm thy mountain pyramids
Midst shifting sands, (nomadic like thy tribes
That rove !) and builded palaces and tombs
And columned temples that would fain at-
test

The might and majesty of God ! Thy Sphynx,
Thy Sphynx, mysterious Egypt, is thyself !
Thy mummied kings already find in these
All-quickenng times their resurrections !
Types

Of genuine resurrections yet to be,
And of thy cherished immortalities,

True sign ! Thy now unsealèd hieroglyphs
 Teach these and coming years that, howe'er
 dark

Mine own deep mysteries may be in grace
 Or providence, some day by patient souls
 And true their meaning shall be learned, e'en
 such

As in most desert places hide.

“Thou know'st

That old basaltic stone, Rosetta's sands
 Among, and now an hundred years agone
 By Europe's most accomplished murderer
 Made known, whereon in triple speech was
 writ

A record by the ancient Memphis priests.
 For long it baffled modern wit ; at last
 By some whose wisdom seemed to have the
 pith

Of piety the meaning was found out.
 The Greek divulged the strange demotic
 tongue,

These two the Hieroglyphic riddles did
 Expound ; and thus informed these kingly
 times

Stand face to face with thy proud ancientness,
 Interrogate thy mighty pyramids,
 Enter thy shrines and palaces to hear
 Thy kings relate their conquests, and thy
 priests —

Their lips unsealed—disclose the mysteries
From ages and from generations hid ;
So men amidst thy solemn silences
Hear all the learning of th' Egyptian land !

“ Illustrious Egypt, how thy sovereign Nile
Doth hint My mystic and majestic Stream,
That down the long and peopled years
Beneficently flows ; upon whose banks
Luxuriant harvests thrive, and cities grow
Of grace and wide munificence ; no tombs
For death to build and death to decorate,
But living temples in whose reverend courts
Love's sacrificial fires forever burn,
And inmost My holy glory glows !

“ Thy sands, O Egypt, have their sanctities !
To them in times remote were given in trust
The temples and the tombs, the granaries
Wherein My youthful patriarch-prince did
store

The products of the seven plenteous years
To feed else woeful years of dearth and death,
The palaces on which My people toiled
Whose angered bricks to-day the stubble show
That pricked and tare their tirèd feet as they
Forth trudged for straw to suit the tyrant's
whim.

Ah, might they then have known, might sufferers now

But think, of Him whose feet so travel-worn
 Were pierced by pitiless nails, His tender brow
 By thorn-crown, His great heart by human
 scorn !

For sake of Him dire tasks would lightsome
 seem,

Tears but a dream, and pain a joy supreme !

“ Do not thy Pithom-Succoth stones still mark
 The way My people from oppression fled,
 Until at last, O ye benevolent Waters,
 Ye saw them near; then awed and awful
 stood

On either side to let them safely pass;
 Then deep in death engulfed the hostile
 host ? ”

O dread Siroccos! O Siroccos sweet!
 Your furnace breath hath sometime healthful heat!
 Your burning blasts that frighten Afric's land
 Blow o'er far northern gardens, soft and bland;
 While many a script from some great prophet's hand
 Have ye kept safe beneath your sheltering sand!

“ Ay, better than t' have handed down the
 years

The Pharaoh's solemn dust with features stern
 As though e'en yet an empire begged his
 mercy,

(Not his alone who brake the Hittite power,
 And treasure-cities built, and temples grand,

Mixing their mortar with Mine Israel's blood,
But his also, the founder of his race,
Great architect of Egypt's dynasties ;—
Strange now their silence in these noisy
times!—)

Better than this, your mission, wingèd Winds,
And wingèd Sands, to be sarcophagi
Wherein be safe entombed the kingly words
And kingly deeds of holy heroes, choice
Mementoes of the Christian origins !

“ O happy Pools, nestling near burning wastes,
That 'mong your lily fragrances brought forth
That learned reed, whose flowers were crowns,
Its pith for furnitures, its roots for fire,
Its stem for aught from sandals up to ships ;
Learnèd Papyrus, stored with memories
That touch upon the immemorial years ;
How do your waters in the sunlight dance
In joy of rearing such most priceless life !
Most beautiful Papyrus ! Who would deem
Thy tender stems might such libraries make
As gave the Alexandrian city high renown ?
Yet not her sacrilegious burning, nor
Hath length of years, brought all thy work to
naught.

Sirocco's flaming sword protected thee !
The threatening sands that buried, succored
thee !

Among a myriad mounds there slumber yet

The bodies of dead learnings that but wait
 For resurrection. Each with a sweet pain
 Cries: 'Lift the stone, and thou shalt find
 me.' Ay,

Lift up the stones; ay, lift the sands; and ye
 Sacred memorials shall find of Me!

Drear Lybian deserts blossom like a rose
 With the sweet Gospel Logia they disclose!"

Jesus saith: "Ye must look kindly,
 Mote from brother's eye to cast;
 And ye may not see My kingdom
 Save ye verily, truly fast;
 Yea, except ye keep real Sabbath
 Ye shall not the Father see;
 For the sons of men do grieve Me,
 That so blind of heart they be!"
 Logion Fourth hath one word, "Beggary!"

Thus is human need defined?
 Jesus saith: "Where one such soul is
 There am I with succor kind.
 Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me,
 Cleave the wood, and there am I!
 Lo, alas, in Mine own country
 I, the Prophet, vainly cry;
 Rather than have Me to heal them,
 My poor people droop and die!"

Jesus saith: "My city, builded
 High upon the steadfast Rock,
 Cannot from the world be hidden,
 Nor shall mind the earthquake shock!"

Seven sayings be unriddled,
 One may not be now made known;
 Lord, as ages follow ages,
 Open to Thine Own Thine own!

“ O Egypt, dark with rustling, shadowing
wings,
Swift in thine ancient vengeance, exult
Not over-greatly at Assyria’s fall —
To be so shortly followed by thine own !
Exult, that ’neath thy shadowing wings of
power
Have nestled safe such precious sanctities,
Until they feel this present thrill of life,
And issue forth in happy, holy haste
To certify the Christian verities ! ”

Lo, how dead ruins of the past be builded
Into the worthier structures of to-day,
And long lost lore and rusted truths, regilded,
Be set in fair and reverent array !

From Ethiop’s lofty, rock-outspringing fountains
Flows empire-building, world-enlightening Nile;
In clouded cloisters under Sinai’s mountains
Hid Gospels wake to make earth’s sadness smile.

Long prostrate kingdoms now revive their glory
As they Thy mighty wonders, Lord, record;
And pagan tongues rehearse the Christian story
And newly bid us keep Thy sacred Word!

“ All which, My Children, hath this lesson
large :
The old confirms the new, the false the true.
These be like symbols of the large access
To Christianness that from unthought-of
realms,
And realms thought of as only full of ill,

Now seasonably comes. Amidst the false
 Grows truth, the soil oft strong by being run
 To weeds. In pagan gardens be true trees
 Of life ; but dwarfed amongst entangling vines,
 Their beauteous flowers ill-pollened ; mostly
 fruits

Unsweet ; save where some holy graft outlives
 The ancient gardener, or goodly seeds
 Have by some kindly bird of Paradise
 Been carried from a distant gospel-land.
 Often My garden hedge is broken down ;
 Alas, that weeds should find their way there-
 through !

But, o'er the fallen stones My vine sometimes
 Will find its way through thickets and the
 thorns,

And on some heaven-aspiring forest tree
 Crown graceful branches with the grateful
 grape !

XIX

“ Meanwhile, no life so utterly alone,
 Whether in time, in distance, or in thought,
 But hath its varied contact, hath its good
 To take or give ; and what I speak to souls
 Others shall hear ; and what I thunder forth
 Or whisper low is heard ere long by all.
 The ferment of the atoms signifies
 The universal firmament's unrest,
 The liquid equilibrium of the spheres !

“Behold how now from all the lands and seas
Float, on the tides of commerce, to each shore
Their precious products, all the numerous life
Of oceans, long-stored wealths of mines, the
fruit

Of loom and grinding mill, of bulk and brain,
The storm-torn mountains and the valley's corn;
Ay, all the earth-wide waters and the air
By reflux tides their purity renew,
And keep th' eternal balance of th' globe,
As 'mong My stately stars it journeys on,
Descending and ascending endlessly!

“And what is Life but one majestic sea
Of sovereign breadths and depths unpierced
by light?

On her far shores alike old shattered hulks
And wakeful signal towers and steepled towns,
Cities renowned in crafts and ships and
wealths;
And in her midst bright islands bathe and
laugh

Where sickness seeks the soft salubrious breeze;
Where zephyrs sigh, but hint not angry storm
With sudden cyclone circling down to drown
The myriad music of the mystic main!
Lo, on her bosom float the mystic ships!

“They come! the ancient galleons, built up
Like castles on the waves, freighted with stores

The Middle-Ages wrought ; they come, the
 ships
 That once among the Isles of Greece with
 pride
 Conveyed what her illustrious sages taught ;
 They come, the barques that from far Ophir's
 mines
 Brought gold abundant for Jehovah's House,
 And from the Indies pearls and priceless gems ;
 And yet they come ; they come as written :
 The kings
 Of Tarshish and the Isles shall presents bring ;
 The kings of Sheba and of Sebah, gifts !

“They come, they go, over these mystic seas
 The mystic ships, with myriad mystic wares ;
 Fabrics of ancient and of modern looms,
 Most deftly done by delicate human hands,
 Or loudly wrought by engines of such power
 As late propelled the angry ships of war
 That with two monstrous thunders deep in
 death ⁽¹⁵⁾

Sank century-built wrongs and tyrannies,
 And resurrected Liberty to life ;
 Freights from the mines ; and from the main
 soft pearls ;
 Gems that on breasts of king and kingling,
 Beauty
 And Beast, have proudly shone, or blushed for
 shame ;

The spoils of war, and fruitfuller spoils of
toil ;
'Longside thick tomes of bulky nothingness
Volumes Mine ancient and more modern seers
Have packed with learnings human and di-
vine ;
Choice cargoes of those sacrificial gifts
The centuries have to centuries handed down !
Type of Mine own eternal Charity,
Thou restless, soundless, boundless, sovereign
Sea ! ”

Ay, what is Life but one majestic sea
With winds and tides coursing unceasingly,
Conveying from the tropics to the pole
A genial glow and solace to the soul ;
While from the north the cooling breezes bring
To sultry southern isle the hardier spring ?
Meanwhile hath Life this privilege supreme,
That, like the mighty and mysterious Stream
Which from the Caribs hastens heated forth
To melt the threatening icebergs from the north,
It pours more procreant winds on every hand
Blessing or friendly or unfriendly land ;
They little dreaming how an unseen sea,
Like unseen God, confers prosperity !
Through mystic oceans mystic rivers surge
Soothing the seething isles, and scourging scourge
Away ; the barren reefs awake to bloom,
And tempered breezes breathe their soft perfume !
O, if upon Life's mystic bosom broad
Might float some signal of the nearing God,
As he of Genoa spied the drifting frond —
And knew the land he sought lay just beyond !

“Therefore say I: My generous Noblemen
 Have generous task on hand and generous
 Reward. Heirs of the ages, they! And what
 Now is, is theirs to make in better wise
 The world's and Mine! The commerce of the
 seas

Floats all to them, and down the stream of
 time

Drift all the treasures of the ancient years.
 More potently than e'er before, all things
 Be theirs, and they be Christ's, and Christ is
 God's.

Theirs now to gather ancient stuffs and new,
 Sort out the worthy, cast the cheap away;
 The tattered purples of real kings to mend,
 Their crowns reset with jewels where the old
 Are lost; to rub away the must and rust,
 Restore the primal lustre; and to take
 The time-worn books, erase the scribblings
 babes

Have scratched upon their margins, and revive
 The saintly Bibles and the Bible-saints.

Theirs now to choose the choicest gems of
 truth,

Whether from drift at some great mountain's
 foot,

Or from its rocky and most richest heart;
 Whether from streams that through the classic
 vales

Flow peacefully, or from some torrent wild,

Or from the darksome depths whence India's
divers
Bring gems that hint the Pearl of priceless
price.
Theirs to be true to Truth; nor may they
turn
The eye one point from light, nor shrug with
fear
Their shoulders at My Voice, or loud or still!
Theirs, conscious of My deep indwelling Soul,
To note Mine inmost pressure; glad to give
The world what I give them, mindful of
naught
Save minding Me, and through Me ransoming
men!"

I may not know the wondrous Ways
The Lord to ancient Prophets spake,
His Poets bade to sing their lays,
And Kings His conquests undertake;

An Angel with his flaming sword;
A night-reared Ladder, Angel-trod;
A burning Bush, whence spake the Word;
A still, small Whisper, straight from God;

A Nathan's speech, Thou art the man;
A sore sense of a Nation's need;
A new and solemn Truth that ran
Into a People's sacred Creed;

A Seraph-song, the clouds among,
That scared but thrilled the Shepherd-heart;
A light Noon's strange effulgence flung
The persecutor's path athwart;—

All this I may not know, and should
 Such Voice or Vision mine e'er be,
 Perhaps appalled my spirit would
 From His unwonted Presence flee!

Yet Dreams we dream, and Visions come,
 And Voices speak to them that hear;
 And Angels visit oft the home
 That hails the hour when God draws near!

Pity, O Lord, the lives that turn,
 Unlistening, from Thy sacred Speech,
 When simply Thy sweet will to learn
 Were more than worlds of worlds can teach

O, mine, among earth's silences,
 To hear Thy low, soft-whispered thought,
 And midst my human darkneses
 Discern the Visions 'Thou hast brought!

Nor fearful, I, of some brave deed,
 Some threatening foe, some Cross uncouth!
 Only be mine Thy Cause to speed,
 And love Thine inmost, utmost Truth!

O Visions, shine! O Voices, speak!
 God's worthiest work and will declare!
 O manful Men, His semblance seek;
 Trust Truth and Love; dear Duty dare!

“Visions and Voices yours, and Victories,
 If well attent with open eye and ear
 Ye catch the signs of these imperial times,
 And set your courage to a high resolve.
 The past is ripe; ye may not now let rot
 The fruits of fertile years, nor suffer aught
 To kill My new and gracious gifts, whereof

Is now such precious promise for the world.
The very wrongs of ages fresh inspire
Brave souls to more magnificent enterprise.
The hurts of human hearts make quick appeal
To human charities. The night invokes
The day! All nature feels the pulse and stir.
My sons and daughters speed them to their
tasks;
And Godhead, immanent now as ne'er before,
A new and worthier creation speaks,
With swift and startling sequence of events;
Nay, reaches towards creation's nobler end,
Consummate flower and glory of the old!"

Behold, another six days' work is done;
Behold, another Sabbath has been won!
A Sabbath in Thy Paradise restored
Fairer than Eden with its flaming sword!

XX

"What if I hint those far æonic years
Of these were types, and not ignoble; though
In life so low, in work so slow, that each
Long second lasted while in heaven's tall
clock,
Light, like a jewelled pendulum, beat far
Across the starry disk, from Cassiopeia
To where the Centaur swings his club of fire;
Yet worthier far be these whose seconds be
The heart-beats of the Universal Love!
I say, those ancient days these symbolized.

They were the earthy moulds in which I cast
 My spiritual substance ; models in clay,
 That I might see, and angels, and the worlds,
 How such and such might suit Me and My
 hosts.

And pleased was I ; they also ; and I called
 Them good ; and after their image made I
 these !

In nature, and in man, and in the Christ's
 Great empire, this same process sevenfold,—
 After six days of toil the Sabbath rest !
 Note what the great Creative Days attest !

“To-day I sort the light from dark, and shoot
 Through hopeless mists the gleaming shafts of
 dawn.

To-morrow earth learns her mere earthliness
 And of o'erbending skies of tears. Next day
 Appears the solid ground, whereon may stand
 Far hence, My sons, while round them threat-
 ening roll

The billows of life's awful mysteries ;
 The earth meanwhile at her glad industry
 Of growing herbs and trees, just learning how
 She may in later nurseries grow men.
 Next wakes a subtle consciousness of day
 And night, of self and other self, of earth
 And higher heaven ; and the benignant sun
 Appears, streaming his radiance o'er the
 world ;

The moon also, who doth advantage take
Of dark, to show heaven's all-surroundingness,
And how no distance parts Me from My work ;
No star so far but swings its lamp high up
The mystic stairs the untried traveller treads.
Now, too, the seas bring forth abundantly
To show how all My deeps be deeply filled
With joyous life to all such souls as see.
O, if Mine own might only understand
That only on the surface of the seas
The terrible billows rage, beneath is calm,
Peace undisturbed by wind or tide ! Far down
The depths which peering sun may ne'er ex-
plore,

There thrives a multitudinous gladsome life,
Dark waters My pavilion round about,
Where I the Lord them do keep secretly
From pride of man and from the strife of
tongues !

—The fifth age hath its evening and its day.

“ Now through another diuternity
Of dark the sixth day dawns, wherein, as
though

The very ground were conscious and alert,
The cattle on a thousand hills upspring,
And all such beasts as upright stand, or creep
In lowly state, or at the fostering breast
Their tender younglings feed, thus nourishing
The filial trust and the parental love.

These hint the afternoon's immortal work ;
 Much that, alas, shall choose in mire to crawl,
 But much that shall stand firm and face the
 sky,
 Much that on love's soft bosom soon shall
 learn
 The motherhood and fatherhood of God !

“ Then said I : Let us make Man in our image,
 And let him have dominion over earth !
 Spirit is he, after our likeness, so
 A godlike form to give th' enfolding clay.
 After our likeness ; enigmatical Us !
 Intensive godhead fit for godlike work ;
 Sharp challenge to Mine own infinity ;
 In quality allied to the eternal Word,
 The Spirit who o'er Chaos once did brood,
 The Fatherhood whence ceaseless They pro-
 ceed !

“ Nor say I that no angels heard, nor say
 I that no morning stars together sang,
 Nor that the Sons of God shouted for joy !
 Nor say I not, O Nature, that I spake
 To thee, asking thy counsel and thy help !
 Nay, spake I not to thee this wise ? ‘ Let us
 Make Man in image and likeness of our own !’
 Thine, Nature, in that outward form and state
 Whereto thou wast for long time used, thine
 own

Best dust, with thy best blood and spirit filled ;
Nay, not one moment of thine æons, not
One atom of thy weighted globe, not one
Soft quiver of the breath, but should have hand
In fashioning the coming sons of men !
Mine image, in high-thoughted reason, that
Imperial Ego that hath liberty,
Hath wisdom, conscience, spiritual sense,
Affections worthy of eternal life !
In counsel thus most multitudinous
Created I in our own likeness, Man.
Of dust is he, yet chieflier of soul,
My child charged with earth's first immortal-
ness,
With leave of an enlarged capacity,
And with his growth the increase of his race,
And with his growth My wider sovereignty,
And with his growth more for the heavens to
do ;
And for his life and growth The Wonderful
Is Babe of man and Babe of Very God ;
Augustest of immortal Miracles !

“Then saw I everything that I had made
And called it good ; this called I very good.
The heavens and earth were finished, and their
hosts.

Evening and morning made the full sixth day.
Resting then from My long creative work —
The Seventh Day I hallowed and I blessed.

But, lo, began the Sabbath, with the night —
 As from the first all days had their beginning.
 And 'twas as though the heavens affrighted
 were,

They held so far away their darling stars
 Lest they might catch some darkness from the
 earth ;

Yet from their high safe distance would they
 flash

As ne'er before ; though willing oft to wheel
 Away and take the darkness off, so I

Th' effulgent sun might bring, and nigh and
 square

Above the earth place him majestic.

“ Then when withdrew the half-reluctant stars,
 O, never burst such eager crimsoning dawn ;
 Ne'er had the noon with affluent splendors thus
 Flushed all the world. So ardent burned the
 Sun,

That down great years some pagans caught
 the light

And after him named their prime festal day,—
 That festal Day that faded not, but glowed
 More gloriously into its nobler self ;⁽¹⁶⁾

As from the tomb of painfuller night arose
 With rare commingling rays the Sun

Of Righteousness, with healing in his wings !

Hail, festal Sabbath Sunday of the world !

Hail, Festal Day of earth and heaven ! Hail !

“And this My Sabbath now! This is My
rest,

My work, My beatification! This
The Day for which all other days were made;
For which I wrought, for which I prayed, for
whose

More fervid, further shining I implore
The implorations of the sons of men!
To Me Creation calls, and I to her;
(Each th’ other’s servant, each the other’s
lord,

So far as each hath love:) ‘Into Thy rest
Arise, O Lord, Thou, and the ark of Thy
strength!’

And each in other finding rest exclaimeth:
‘This is My rest forever, here My home!’
Ay, this Mine own—more than creation hath,
Since just begins she to find rest in love.
The six days’ work, the carnal work, is done;
Each issuing slow from darkness, and through
night

Passing to nobler day; till now at length
’Tis as that shining light that, oft obscured,
More and more shineth to the perfect day.
Hail, Festal Day of earth and heaven! Hail!

“Such is the rest My children with Me share,
When, ended six days’ toil, they cease there-
from,
And in communion with their Maker find

A hallowing peace, foretaste of heaven's own ;
 And in home-loves and sacred charities
 Him copy who the Sabbath blessed anew.

“Such is the rest that for My saints remaineth
 Who in brave faith have wrought and borne
 and conquered.
 Blessèd the dead who in the Lord die, for
 They rest from work made labor through some
 sin ;
 They rest from labor ; but their works of love —
 These cease not, but eternal follow them !
 They in that holy angel-sphere do serve
 Both day and night ; but all so joyously
 That night and day be quite alike to them,
 Perpetual service their perpetual rest ! ⁽¹⁷⁾

“And such their rest, who, on the earth abiding,
 Make life mean love ; season each bitterness
 With sweetness ; in hot fires with psalm-singing
 Accept divine refining of their gold ;
 Through lifting others' loads make themselves
 strong
 Their own to carry ; fill and trim their lamps
 For them that walk in darkness, and more clear
 Their own way make to Paradise ; ay, find
 With sweet surprise their Paradise below.

They find their rest the best, who rest
Not day nor night, but ceaselessly
Cry: 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord, the God
Almighty! Which was, and is, and is to
come!'

"Such on My great Creation's Sabbath is
My rest. Nor cease I from My work; nor yet
Changeth My nature so more godlike I;
Nor moveth in Me love more infinite;
But larger vessel larger inflow holds;
Ever to him that hath shall more be given!
O, it did seem to Me in those far years, albeit
The various life had such felicity,
As though My heart would break with pent
up grace
Till Man should come with rank and quality
Receptive and responsive to My thought.
Here, here, is room for love!—And when he
failed
Me, and shut hard his soul thereto, then said
I: Here is room, here all the roomier room;
His need for Me I need! Ah, may I but
Break open that shut heart, My aching heart
Shall ache no more with painful strain and
vain!

"And thereto did I set Me. I was done
With making aught from naught, and naught
from aught

Again; was done with fixing up the world
 A wide *Jardin des Plantes*, and stocking it
 With ever new perfumèd bloom; was done
 With new inventions of terrestrial life
 That well-nigh vexed the waters and the main
 With their superlative multiplicities;
 Was done with carving beasts in th' image of
 man,
 As they should after carve Mine after them;
 Was done with making make-believes of
 men!

“Then he of whom all else before was type,
 Himself poor type of Him who after came,
 He at My word appeared for whom were
 made

In humbler sense all things, and by whom all
 In humble sense were to be made anew.
 And when he failed Me, through his yielding
 weak

To sensuous tastes, then said I, In the Christ
 I make anew this poor man; and all else!
 And Eden's fences tore I down; and man
 Into the forest passed; and Eden's fruits
 I bade him plant and grow; and the world's
 weeds

He must uproot—better—make new, convert
 By gentle culture to what would redeem;
 Symbol of that sweet artifice of grace
 That 'mong the thorns finds finest fragrances,

In tear-wines a divine catholicon.
Thus Paradise beyond her fences grows
To earth-wide breadths of holy, fruitful peace!

“So, all done making aught from naught, for
naught

Th’ immortal; very death I vivified.
Anew, anew, My godlike breath I breathed
Into man’s soul, not nostrils only; like
A drowning wretch, with a rough tenderness
I handled him; did beat him, lift him high,
Did cast him low, did turn him o’er and o’er,
Used e’en th’ attractions of the earth to draw
The strangling waters off; meanwhile My
blows

Amidst, the breath of life I breathed afresh
Into his waking breath; whilst fervent speech
And reassuring smile inspired with hope
Of life! With such most precious resurrec-
tion,

My Son and His dear work and end forecast-
ing,

My day of rest I hallowed and I blessed!

My work My worship, and My worship love!

“What now though pain be here, if I but may
With thrills of joy disperse it? What if now
My wit should sublimate man’s nature, so
Reconstitute his moral nerves, that pain
Have ravishment, as martyrs, anciently

In brave-borne flames their euthanasia found ?
 What now of sin, if I may love it down,
 If I may speak its pardon, heal the sore,
 Make failures give impulse to betterness,
 Let storms compel deeper root-hold in grace ;
 Persuade My patient to more vigilant care,
 His sorrows soothe with soft, sweet sym-
 pathies,
 Close to My bosom fold him, make him know
 He is My child however hard offending ;
 My sinful child for whom My sinless Son
 Shall with My full consent a sinner seem,
 And to th' extent of dreadful dying go, so
 each
 With other may the wealth of heaven share ! ”

XXI

“ Now He who with Me builded heaven and
 earth
 Buildeth with Me on earth a heaven in truth,
 A reverend temple, past the secular fanes,
 At th' end of the long avenue of years ;
 A temple founded deep in clay, with rock
 Of Mine eternal purpose under ; all
 O'er-arched with dome of golden day ; whence
 spring
 Aloft the cross-crowned spires wherefrom
 sounds out
 To wide-spread peoples call to praise and
 prayer ;

Its stones from rock-heart quarries, by hard
tool

And toil of Providence to fitness shaped ;
In her foundations sapphires and all stones
Of preciousness ; her windows agates ; gates
Of rubies, endless gems embordering round.
Not yet all builded ; though the worshippers
From near and far assemble reverently ;
Not builded all, but year by year it lifts
To greatness and broadens o'er the earth.
And in the last days shall it come to pass —
Above the hills and mountain-tops shall stand
My House, and to it all the nations flow !
Their lowly worship cheers My work of love,
Nor train in vain Mine own for realms above !

“ At times I catch the snatches of a hymn
That through these echoing arches quivering
thrills

Of some choice cloister to Me consecrate,
Ennobled by its fresh and generous joy.
Nor mindless I of fine consummate art,
Nor of poor art if heart be only rich ;
Nay, art is not, where heart hath not her part !
And such hymn hearing, I do somehow deem
It amplifies and glorifies itself
To foresight and to fore-song of that time
When, like a soul of peerless consecration,
The august world and all that is therein
Shall prove My House of Dedications ; where

The upward steps and open door invite,
 Where opaline lights, the sacramental feast,
 The organ leaping to exultant praise,
 The cleansing font, the Word transcending all
 Earth's lower learnings, the upspringing spire,
 The bells that whelm the over-realm with song
 And set the hills a-ringing all around,—
 These signify the consecrations holy
 Of souls and solemn centuries to come!

“Have ye a song a-trembling on your tongues,
 Panting to sing, but at My presence awed?
 Though praise may stumble, it shall bring Me
 cheer,
 If raised from humble hearts that sing sin-
 cere!”

O Mighty Father, Spirit, Son!⁽¹⁸⁾
 Thou wondrous Three in wondrous One;
 In whom the worlds of worlds all live!
 To us, Thy poor blind children, give
 Some vision of Thy favoring face,
 Some tender token of Thy grace!

We bring Thee, Lord, what is Thine own,
 Thy thought and skill, Thy wood and stone;
 We pray, this Temple fair and strong,
 For peoples, many ages long,
 Accept, so it may ever prove
 Thy House of prayer and praise and love!

Type may it be in all its parts
 Of loving lives and holy hearts;
 Its beauty, symbol of Thy peace,

Its massive strength, of Godlike grace,
Its blending lights, of virtues fair,
Its music, of praise-mingling prayer!

Lord God of Hosts, as we ascend
These stately Courts, wilt Thou descend
To meet and greet our worship! Bless
Us with Thy presence in the stress
Of life; tears, faith, work, patience, love,
Steps, all, to lead above, above!

As through these Windows common light
Is to our wondering, raptured sight,
Transformed to inspired evangelists,
Angelic choirs, death-conquering Christs;
So through our human lives may shine
Transfiguring light and love divine!

As on the Desk from all sides round
Fire-jewelled light, like lucent sound,
Illumes the Word; so from all lore
Of earth, on speech divine outpour
New soul; Truth's vesture richer made,
Woven of sunshine and of shade!

As round the Consecrated Board
In memory of our absent Lord,
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
Not absent be, but near! We pine
For Thy Real Presence day by day,
So we may dine with Thee alway!

As through the throbbing Organ reeds
The bounding air to music speeds,
Thy Temple quivering with the strain;
So, Breath of God, in mercy deign
In us to throb and thrill, so we
Be organs of rich praise to Thee!

As from the strong Tower, far adown
 Loud sound o'er the surrounding town,
 The swinging, swelling songs of bells;
 So o'er earth's plains and heights and dells
 May we, from lofty life and song,
 The call to worship God prolong!

O Mighty Father, Spirit, Son!
 Thou wondrous Three in wondrous One!
 This House from base to eminent spire,
 Nave, pulpit, altar, font and choir,
 Ourselves, our all, Blest Trinity,
 We reverent dedicate to Thee!

“ With cheerful grace bless I each house ye
 rear —

Or massive minster, or an holy soul,
 Or conclave of adoring worshippers!
 This is My Rest forever ; here I dwell ;
 I have desired it and abundantly
 Will bless ; her poor will satisfy with bread ;
 With My salvation will I clothe her priests ;
 And all her saints shall shout aloud for joy !

“ And therein type and prophecy of that
 Imperial Cathedral of All Saints,
 That, not as on four corners of the earth
 Shall stand, but on the whole round globe, and
 lift
 From North and South, and from the East
 and West,
 Far heavenward her wide expectant gaze !
 No land nor sea whereon it resteth not ;

No healing breath from height or mighty
breadth

That bloweth not its open windows through ;
No new nor antique learnings that help not
Expound the blessed gospel-law ; no star
Burning amongst the radiant host that points
Not some wise Magi to the cradled Christ
To see in Him the sovereign Prince of Peace !
No bitterness without its healing myrrh ;
No honest homage without frankincense
Of fragrant praise ; no gold, but, had it choice,
Would displeased rust in hands profane, but
gleam

With light in vessels for the Master's use !
No lowly life that lifteth not therein
Some ladder of ascent, or timber frame,
Or lay precious though rudely carven stone
Perchance in worthier inconspicuous place ;
No quarrymen, but from far quarries help
To build and gem and glorify the House
Of My Great Glory I eternal raise ;
All on the Prophets and Apostles founded,
My Christ the elect and precious Corner-
Stone !

Almighty God, whose power and grace
Encompass our wide human race,
In heaven glows Thy Temple grand
Whose pillars on the low earth stand ;
Through storied height, to utmost zone,
It rests on Christ the Corner-Stone.

No kindling sun hath such fair light,
 No daring star such stately height,
 No court resoundeth with such song
 As pours its hallowed aisles along,
 Nor e'er was builded fane or throne
 On such illustrious Corner-Stone.

Yet usest Thou our faulty toil,
 Findest far down in earthly soil
 Some quarry, whence with art all Thine,
 Thou workest forms almost divine ;
 Earth is unto God's Temple grown,
 Harmonious with its Corner-Stone.

O Lord, beneath benignant skies,
 'Midst scenes Thy favor beautifies,
 Our hopes, our prayers to Thee we raise
 And found a Temple to Thy praise;
 Our humble work propitious own
 As now we lay the Corner-Stone.

Except the Lord the house do build,
 Except with grace the house be filled,
 All labor vain. O Christ, impart
 Thy saving spirit to each heart;
 By Thee, to Thee, on Thee alone,
 We build, Thon fairest Corner-Stone!

Here may the truth and right grow strong,
 Here love prevail Thy saints among,
 Here sinners feel Thy quickening grace,
 And seek with hasting joy Thy face;
 Here thousands gladly make Thee known
 As their eternal Corner-Stone.

Build Thou the walls! Make them so glow
With glory, we on earth below
The eternal splendors shall foresee!
Grander than Salem's may they be,
All luminous with grace Thine own,
From topmost peak to Corner-Stone!

“How may I otherwise than bless? From
base

Obscurest to exultant eminence

I bless, e'en the rough rubble binding firm
Th' magnific marbles; fails My smile no tool,
Nor toiler; but beyond all measure blessed
Is he who, whatso'er his task, straightway
Performs it with a grateful reverence.

“Like some who in the Middle Ages wrought;
When rank and power and wealth and poverty
In piety joined hands, rearing a church ⁽¹⁹⁾
I hold so choice, since 'twas so choicely
buildd.

Few hirèd laborers there; they wrought for
Me!

Their grace the great cathedral's grace out-
shone!

Day gave not time enough, night lent them
hers.

As quaint annals of th' ancient times relate—
Together, side by side, and heart by heart;
The men, the maids, the youth, wrought;
none too old

And none too young ; save sweet babes that
cried not

But smiled at the dear kiss their mothers
kissed

On parting, for a task so holy. Some
Helped venerable trees to kneel, and some
The lowly quarries lifted heavenward —
Their rocky faces wrought to angel likeness ;
Some in the traces gat to draw the carts,
Whilst others pulled at ropes ; and some
pushed hard

The creaking loads of lumber, lime and stone,
An hundred to a wagon, shouting psalms ;
Anon in silence, in the middle night,
As though too sacred for a spoken joy,
Till broken this by sobs and sad confessions ;
Which, waxen tapers on the wagons hear-
ing,

Would flash fresh light upon the weeping
way !

Meanwhile one might nor high nor humble
work

Essay, who had not every wrath laid by —
Which were distempered mortar, periling all.
For neither then nor now was ever builded
True man, or church, or empire, without love !
Then round the rising walls of the great
church

Momently mounted night-dispersing praise
That set the stars a-quivering with delight.

O, had those childlike children held their
peace,
The very stones had cried in painèd joy !

“ Almost I envy their sweet childhood glee,
Their world’s newness, their awed expectancy !
What if, some day, I might surprisèd be ? ”

O Worldly World! Wilt have quaint task ?
Suppose this boon of God thou ask !
Forgive, Lord, this irreverence,—
But close, just close, those constant eyes!

Quick! now, O World, from each offense!
Quick—with thy heartiest penitence !
Quick—with thy tearful love intense!
Quick—at thy sincere sacraments!
Quick—in thy heavenward ascents!
—Now, watch as He thy mending spies!

Father! Open those closèd eyes!
Dost wonder at this different guise ?
Now, hast Thou not Thy pleased surprise ?
Ah, World! Thou too surprisèd hast come
To thy new-quickening Christendom!

“ Fair World, arise! Fair Church of God
awake
To thy new splendors! Lift thy vaulting
spire.
Bid the ambitious bells fling wide their glad-
ness:
Let peoples all hear call to worship; hills

And mountains be o'errun with pæans speed-
ing.

Let Charity's choice choristers, white robed,
Angelical evangels chant adown
The aisles of time; and through compulsions
tender

The woes of life be wooed and won to glad-
ness;

Her angered heart become an angel-home;
All Time an holy Pentecost wherein

The pagan peoples of the earth shall hear,
And the poor pagan peoples of the soul,
In their own tongues the wonderful works of
God!"

Now to thy blest baptismal waters haste,
O Love, thy converts from the worldly waste;
Forth, and baptize thy healèd heathen host,
In Name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
—Now, open wide, O World, thy wondering eyes;
And let the Master's meet thy glad surprise!

XXII

"O World, transfigured thy fair face to-day!
With the warm radiance of a happy conscience
The skies of thy soul be bright! They match
right well,

In nature, and evolving from the dusk
To brightness, thy celestial spaces that
Impress the physical eye. An hundred leagues
Up through the azure atoms one may view

The Moon ! The tiny children of the Night,
Untired by travel, unfrighted by the dark,
Dayshine all gone, find easy way therethrough,
And bid thee merry be. Thy firmament
So crystalline, one at the top might catch
The fragrant crimson of a rose afire !

“ Not always thus. Content the infant flowers
Lived midst the shadows of the elder world
With simple verdancy, russet, or sable ;
A myriad form of beauty in eclipse.
No knots of rubies on the rounding knolls,
No fragmentary rainbows on the plains,
No mountains built up of massed goldenness !

“ As the industrious ants, when some intruder
Invades their home and breaks the arches
 down,
Hither and thither haste the sad débris
To put away, and build anew, not one
An idler ; so, scarce one inhabitant
Of those old fields and forests but did work
To take the mists away and make bright day.
And all the winds wide wandering o'er the
 world
Did learn of it, and bring from loftiest heaven,
And from the roaring main, to every plant
Its measure of ethereal substance ; so
A friendly commerce formed, this giving that
The fibrous food, that giving this in turn

The vital air, like a real breath of God
 That giveth life to all! The mutual grace
 Helped each, and through the pleasèd skies
 the sun
 Flushed the new blushing flowers with bloom;
 such gems
 As coming crowns might envy as their peers!

“E'en then to that which gave, was given!
 As once
 Through rapt Hosea I did prophesy:
 ‘In that day it shall come to pass that I
 Will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the
 earth,
 The earth shall hear the corn and wine and
 oil,
 And they shall hear Jezreel!’—Shall Jezreel
 not
 Hear Me?—Meekly My flowers breathed fra-
 grances
 Upon the air; this returned light; which both,
 In happy turn, this priceless substance wrought
 Into a trillion iridescences!
 On larger scale My clouds unenvious
 And grateful sought to copy them! Then
 scarce
 A leaf that fluttered not with panting joy.
 The foliated fields cleansed lurid skies of
 gloom.
 O, not one forest giant but foresaw

The glowing days apace, and far aloft
Outstretched long limbs to draw the darkness
down

From cumbrous skies ; not one soft mossbank
hid

In mountain clove, or multitudinous jungle ;
Nor one rash grass that on the sandy dunes
Dared the wild dangers of th' devouring waves
To help build up a bulwark 'gainst the tide
And make safe harbor for the ships of men ;
Not one, but prayed that hastening days
might less

Tenebrious prove ; whilst with them populous
fields

And wilds wrought at their marvellous chemis-
tries,

Through multi-vein'd leaf-lungs absorbing
dark,

Exhaling pure promethean oxide, live
With life, and light with fire ; their every
breath

A benediction that did bless the dull,
Deep ether with a warm transparentness !

A sea of glass like unto crystal ; nay,
But as of Wisdom spake My sage of Uz ;
The gold and crystal cannot equal it !

“In such wise through the reverend years
hath wrought

My Spirit in the life of Souls. My Son —

In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light
of men ;
And though the Light shone in the darkness, it
Did comprehend Him not ; did not perceive,
Possess, use, understand Him. But 'twas His
By fervent light to wake to consciousness,
To stir desire, to set life hungering
For life, to whet the quickening appetite,
To start the man t' acquiring manfulness,—
Making more room for deep inworking God !

“Let him that heareth hear ! Hearing makes
ears !
Looking makes eyes ; loving makes love ; doing
Makes larger being ! Unto him that hath —
In very soul, where having only is —
Is given. Who hath not thus inmosty
Loseth his all, since he hath lost himself !

“Therefore, as when My pristine creatures
longed
For vision, My life within them taught their
nerves
To feel the soft pulsations of the light
And shape themselves to catch them ; and as
then
Beholding objects far, they feign would touch
And taste them, ardent arms went out to reach
Them, fingers to fast hold them ; and desire
Did teach them how to daintily feed ; all which

Processes made them slowly, surely grow
To an infinitude of joyful life.
And as My pristine plants smelling the sun,
Forth gave their distilled perfumes and ar-
rayed
Themselves in beauty yet more beautiful,
And sucked darkness out from the sluggish
air
And fed it with sweet extracts of the skies ;
So Man, half-conscious of immortalness,
Hath blindly felt about him for—*himself* !
And to him hands have grown, and ear and
eye ;
And out into the atmosphere so dense
With spirit-darkness he hath prayed for life ;
Then giving, hath in triple measure got
More back. Earth, breathing black, exhaling
white,
Finds stars—and God ! Nature first taught
what He
Of Nazareth commended, saying : Love
Your enemies, give and it shall be given
To you ; into your bosoms shall men pour
Good measure, running over all desire !

“ Thus ’twas through Love the earth grew
bright and saw
The sun, and his clear eye did clearer see
The earth and find out how to bless it. Then
Also men saw the greater and lesser lights ;
And when sometime in bright day silently

The moon would move to the meridian,
 And plant herself right straight before his
 face —

And sun to darkness turn, and moon to blood ;
 To faith, moons might not blot out suns ; to
 her

Fine pinhole sight, round moon-eclipsèd sun
 Would gleam the mystical Corona ; crown
 She ne'er had known, save for the passing
 darkness !

Lo, on the head of The Invisible
 There glows a nobler than imperial Crown !

“Thus through the sunshine and the shadow
 grew

Clearer the light. My Heaven drew closelier
 down

To Earth ; they looked into each other's eyes ;
 They understood ; they laughed ; they loved ;
 to each

The other gave ; this, angels ; that one, saints ;
 Since which sweet time earth heavenlier hath
 grown,

While in what high and mighty sense hath
 heaven

Been taken up with wider-worldliness !

O World ! Fair World ! So crystalline thy
 skies,

The empyrean spheres surprisèd catch
 That fragrant crimson of thy love afire !

Now, open wide, O World, thy wondering
eyes,
And let thy Master's meet thy glad surprise !

“ At last, at last, hath come the Day, when eye
To eye My Worlds each other see and know ;
When end these misconceptions ; each in all,
And all in each, find correspondence ; when
My watchmen shall lift up the voice, with th'
voice

Together shall they sing ; for they shall see,
And eye to eye, when th' Lord shall bring in
Zion !

The Lord makes bare His holy arm in th'
eyes

Of all the nations ; all the ends of the earth
Shall see the wide salvation of their God !

“ Thus spake My Prophets of the elder days,
And foregleams of Messiah lighted up
The Babylonian night, and cheering psalmodies
Awoke the sleeping faith of Israel,
Over whose self-same knolls should after roll
Reverberant echoes of the Angel-Song ;
And thus My Prophet in the wilderness —
Of barren life, parched hope, and thistled rest,
Lifted his urgent Voice. ‘ Repent ! The king-
dom

Of Heaven is at hand ! Behold the Lamb,
The Lamb of God, that taketh away, away,

Away, the sins of the world !' On His great
 heart
 He bare them, to His Cross He bare them,
 through
 The ages bath He borne with them, and borne
 Them ; and away, away, He carries them,
 And more and more shall—till the world He
 won
 Shall with the glory of the Lord be filled !”

All Thy works do praise Thee, Lord ! The world Thee
 boasts ;
 Of Thy kingdom ages tell the story !
 Holy, holy, holy, art Thou, Lord of Hosts !
 All the earth is full of Thy great glory !

XXIII

“O, freelier now to their intended ends
 Pass on the so long palsied powers of good.
 It may not be, that homely soil and sky
 Shall jointly such bright world evolve, but
 earth
 And heaven fail in joint attempt. It may
 Not be, that ignorant little atoms all
 Find noble place, but little deeds or great
 Of Man or God never meet use divine !

“Niagara’s glorious beauty shall be tapped ;
 But, having yet enough, with loud delight
 She gives away a thousand rainbows which
 Tumultuously do grind themselves to might

And light, to meet a spindled empire's need !
It may not, shall not be, that down the years
Shall flow the grand and solemn cataract
Of pains and toils and brave humanities ;
But span the chasms with no fair rainbow
sign

Of sacred covenant, and no momentum
For use of a divine machinery spare,
Nor force to drive the enginery of grace,
To trumpet through her loud electrophones
The triumphs most magnificent of love,
And with dayshine flush midnight of the
world !

“It may not be, the spirit of the air
Her slumbering lightnings wakes to wingèd
speeds

O'er threatening crags, through sullen silences
Of hungry deserts, under curdling seas,
With news for nations or for humble homes ;
Or spurs them on to mad, terrific leap
A thousand leagues through the astonished
ether,

Heralding hostile fleets, or signalling how
For some just cause sweet victory was won ;—
This may not, shall not be, except also
The Spirit of God, intense in man and all
Far more than electricities that be
But playthings in compare, the sovereign
Source

Of the great energies that drive wide worlds
 Of worlds on noiseless wheels awhirl among
 Or space or time's awful infinitudes,
 Shall, in the wise omnisciences of love,
 Thrill with the mystic pangs of universes
 Haste to their healing e'en on fleeter feet
 Than speed the flight of stellar gravities;
 Carry to heaven prayers, and back to earth
 Bring threefold answerings; fresh impulse
 give

To each new right or ancient; harness fast
 The coarser forces of the earth to draw
 My chariots; work to spiritual forms
 The common clay, and thereinto, as first
 In man, breathe life; flash gospels and re-
 demptions
 O'er gulfs and jungles, and set thunderous
 mountains
 A-ringing with the jubilees of Peace!

"I correlate the energies that make
 And mark My world, and work its diverse
 stuffs

To spiritual goods. Nor let there be
 Too painèd disappointment if not quite
 At once My purpose be found out. Recall
 The Beautiful White City by the Sea!

"Upon a stretch of land where two seas
 meet, ⁽²⁰⁾

Each rich in commerces and stocked with
storms,
On whose gale-tumbled waves strong restless
souls
Adventure dangers, wrenching from their
grasp
Despite their wounds a million-folded wealth ;
Fishes and ships and lumbers on the one ;
The other a huge, heaving human sea
Into whose depths flow waters from all lands,
Or sweet or foul, to be churned clean by
years ;—
And mighty captains man the mighty ships ;—
Upon this stretch of land, two seas between,
Arose a City such as ne'er before
Had builded been. The science and the art,
The soul and genius of ancient years
And modern, all were there. Right side by
side,
Egyptian and Assyrian, Roman, Greek,
Stand fraternizing, and each other warm
Admiring, as though ne'er the Nile, nor Tiber,
Nor Jordan, nor Euphrates, nor the plains,
Nor seas, nor yet the great historic Stream
Of Years, had to the brim been blood-swol-
len,—
Fertile their shores with rue and ruin wide !
—They kiss each other in thy courteous
courts,
O beautiful White City by the Sea !

“Here too the Moderns meet, and pleasedly
 Salute the arts and learnings of past years ;
 Sharpen their wits by theirs ; and praise them-
 selves

They comprehend them. Art to-day is true
 That wisely copies not their form but soul.
 Here Moderns meet, and with sweet gracious-
 ness

Their rivals greet ; whether in home-spun
 wares,

Or gems and jewelries, crops, forestries,
 Paintings and statuaries, morals, laws,
 The latest lores and broadest pansophies.
 The Caravels of Spain that long ago
 Against the protests of Atlantic storms
 Pressed hard their way Columbia to find,
 Salute with fine Castilian courtesy
 The Age that, over many an unknown waste
 Adventuring, finds a continental wealth.

“My Children born in various zones of faith
 Their brotherhood discover, aptly then
 They give each other hints at study, like
 The merchants in the marts of trade their wares
 Exchanging, and thereby enriching all.
 O, happy they, who on a Pagan breast
 Hang lovingly the peerless Pearl of Price ;
 And happy they who give, and they who take
 Such fragmentary crystals as from years
 Far off have tenderly been cherished ; such

A jet's fine setting for this Diamond !
O, beautiful, this City by the Sea !
Its whiteness like My purity, its breadth
My charity, its industries be like
Mine own infinitude of deed. I hail
Thee ! Beautiful White City by the Sea ! ”

O Beautiful, O Beautiful, White City by the Sea ;
Where holdeth Art her carnival, and Peace her jubilee !
O, beautiful our thought of thee, and beautiful thy thought,
And beautiful thy purpose all so excellently wrought !

The Orient and the Occident, the Ancient and the New,
Bewildered in their gladness, each other's virtues view ;
And Peoples all equipped for war, for long-lived love pre-
pare, —
Finding how Right's omnipotent and Goodness debonair !

Here in a high knight-errantry these friendly foes contest
For generous Right, and for the one True Cross of Love
make quest ;
And all the earth is gathered here the tourney for to see,
And hail the heroes of the truth, the Truth that makes men
free.

That golden-archèd Golden Door the chariots must pass
through,
And all the wondrous wagonries that nations ever knew !
Wherefore ? Through Gate of Golden Goodness must the
Peoples move
To see Jehovah's banner over all the world is Love !

Ah, where your poor knight-errantry, ye envying Wind and
Fire,
To make of this rich pageantry of Peace a funeral pyre ?
Alas, must such the end of thee and of thy triumphs be,
O beautiful, O beautiful White City by the Sea ?

Nay, merciful art thou, O Fire ; and kind, unkindly Wind!
 It were not meet to rust and dust such beauty be consigned;
 Let outward form all perish if the inward life but be
 Eternalized in poetry, and grace and melody!

Through all the Peoples, O fair City, runs thy new renown,
 Thy beauty beautifies the province and the stately town ;
 Thy broadness broadens aim and fame of women and men
 who plod,
 And hint the human brotherhood of all the sons of God!

Ah, many is Thy fair city, Lord, by time's tempestuous sea,
 Each choicely builded age goes down so choicelier builded be;
 O, dear the thought, naught comes to naught, but all so dear
 to Thee
 Worketh for yonder City of God—where there is no more
 sea!

“If but the world would catch thy sacred
 thought,
 Thou beautiful White City by the Sea,
 That naught of beauty dies, nor worth, nor
 grace;
 That ever I make all things new ! For this
 Each Old was. *Now* is condensed everness.
 In a child's cup-and-saucer acorns, sweat
 Impatient oaks whose outstretched arms shall
 dare
 The tempest's cannonade. In what here is
 Lie mighty ages—to be born again
 In th' Spirit ! Now, e'en now, what glorious
 New-births of freedom and of faith, of love
 And duty, rights and righteousness, peoples
 And sovereignties, that hint the hasting Dawn !

Look round! What immortalities sprang up
From yonder sepulchre! And evermore
Shall! Godhead gained there, and th' Eter-
nities;
And time and men and things immortalized!

“Those giant peaks around whose careless feet
My darling Javan children timid play,
Those fuming, darkling, bellowing lava-pots,
(What aromatic nosegays, abuzz with wasps,)
Who'd dream of spicing breakfasts with their
sweets?

Those mighty, fire-rock-hurling catapults,
Who'd dream they'd hurl round to th' antip-
odes

Dust-darkness soft dissolving on its way ⁽²¹⁾
To such vermilioned iridescences
As make sunsets blush in new ecstasy?
Ay, if colossal mountains of great wrongs
May have their steaming fury, cinder-black,
Transformed to splendors round the setting
sun

'Way cross wide seas; sure from the fragrant
hills

And fruitful mountains of St. Charity —
The loveliest isle in all the brine of time —
Shall float, not once an age to suit a spasm,
But all perennially (just as the Spring
Can't help it, but must bloom,) shall float, I
say,

With th' wind, or straight against, o'er every
zone,

Wingèd beatitudes, with holy pomp,
Angelical and seraphic circumstance,
To glorify the rising and the setting sun
With glory, and hail the timid trembling
stars —

That fear lest they fall down into this dark —
With greetings sweet as were those angel-
smiles

When first they sang their way down hither-
ward!"

The earth ferments to bursting with new mountains ;
The past is packed with mercies for new years ;
Our Sinais sound with chime of singing fountains ;
Glory to God, His peace on earth now nears !
Behold, Our Jesu's Kingdom near appears !

“ ‘Our Jesu!’ Thanks! My Jesu, too, My
Children !

Forget not ye, nor I, our holy gain
At His sweet Cross. He conquers by that Sign.
Your safety and the world's great glory there ;
For Me what crown, for ye what vesture!
See,

What fine, what dear-bought garmenture of
love!"

THE CROSS ! Those transverse beams be the first warp
And woof of that dear Garment wherewith Christ
Would hide man's sin and sorry nakedness ;
Wherethrough He weaveth all the threads of life

And tangled fibres of His history,
With many a purple, many a scarlet dyed,
Into a beautiful broad mantle warm,
The shivering earth to cover with His grace!

XXIV

“‘Our Jesu!’ Thanks, My Children; yours,
and Mine!

First though, ere we these final conquests
view

Whence glory to God and peace to good-willed
men;

First, in this mystic presence lowly kneel,
Though ye no more the mystic forms see clear
Of Christ and Cross and Nature in her tears.

Fast fade they from your vision! These, in
pain

Through angered ages, now with transport
learn

The night is over and the day at hand!

The spell is past; the strain and tension
cease;

The darkness lights; the frigid atoms warm;

The icy figures melt away. Lo, Life!

For death is swallowed up in victory!

“She knows, sweet Nature, how reward is His
Who on the Tree gave life to death for life.

Already learning how her Son—and Mine—

Authority is taking to Himself,

With Love, fair Empress, seated by His side;

Whilst Pride and Self and Sin, like well-tamed beasts

Not cowed but gentled into courtesy,
 Be proud to mind His each benign behest.
 Therefore no more doth Nature bend in woe
 Disconsolate and weep loud tears that He,
 Her noblest born, hath bitterness; but, glad
 Her whole soul through, and body, bravely
 works

In her innumerable spheres, complete in Him,
 The head of principalities and powers;
 All joining in the Paradisal hymn:
 'Worthy the Lamb! for He was slain for
 us!'

"Again, behold, My Children, ye of earth,
 And ye from heaven's uplands near the throne;
 Lo, fades, slow fades, the vision of the Cross
 And Crucified! Death loses grasp on life.
 Paralysis of the horror-stricken air
 Feels new quick pulse and thrill; and as in
 spring
 The ice-chains melt and let the streams
 a-merry
 Dance down the glens, and through the meadows
 sing,
 Nor bird, nor bough, nor nook that gladdens
 not,
 And casts not sunshine back into the sun;
 So yield these frigid, rigid, spectral forms

To hope's soft witcheries, and smile themselves
Away! Therefore, if while it lingers, ye
For whom the strenuous Cross was borne,
Would, filled with woe for His so deeper woe,
Ere ye depart, pour forth your tearful thanks;
I give ye leave in this impressive scene
To bow the knee and heart in adoration.
Think o'er the sins that laid Him low, the
 grace
That raised ye high, and whisper soft the love
That stirs to holy supplicating praise.
Ay, how ye burn with pain your sins should be
The nails that pinned Him to the cruel Tree;
Alas, the thorns, the spear, the mocking jeer,
May well provoke the penitential tear!"

O POOR, tired, wounded Feet,
Come lame and limping down our street,
And bring sweet Christ to be our Guest;
This time we'll give Him rest!

Ye toil-worn, nail-torn Palms,
Will ye feel hurt by our scant alms?
If but our hands that did distress Him
Might now caress and bless Him!

O weary Shoulders, say
How we may lift and help convey
Some of your loads of care and sin,
Though we so late begin!

O tender, sacred Eyes,
Shall ye not glow with glad surprise,
As at the Cross ye see us now
In lowly reverence bow?

O Ears, sore pained to hear
 Our pagan taunt and Jewish jeer,
 List now the lispings love and praise
 We penitent upraise!

Ye parchèd Lips that cry:
 "Eloi, lama, sabachthani?"
 Might we but through the mad mob burst,
 Might love's tears quench our thirst!

O steel and sin-pierced Side,
 Whence flows the crimson healing tide
 Of sacramental blood! We pray thee,
 May weeping thanks repay thee?

Great bleeding, broken Heart,
 What art allays thy cruel smart?
 Ah, freelier than the blood there flows
 Thy mercy for thy foes?

Prince of the Thorn-Crowned Brow!
 All hail to Thee! All-sovereign now!
 In healèd hands thy sceptre take;
 Love doth rebellion break!

O, thanks for the riven Side,
 For the Heart not spear but love op'd wide;
 So sin and song, so care and prayer,
 Find welcome entrance there!

O Eyes, not in death's sleep
 Ye close, our sins and woes ye weep;
 Now open wide, dear Eyes, and see
 Our joyous loyalty.

Brave Shoulders, wrenched and sore,
 That on the Cross our burdens bore;
 Embraces, kisses, tears would fain
 Soothe down your strain and pain;

Ay, soothe the strain and pain
So ye the fresher might may gain,
God's solemn years to bear adown
His battles of renown!

O strong Arms, wide extended
As though all worlds were comprehended
In your embrace; how strong be ye
To lift to life and liberty!

O Lips of love athirst
Now over all the world let burst
Not weak cry but godlike command;
All Lands attent shall stand.

Now, now, O healèd Feet,
Forth to the fight lead on, and fleet!
And fast we follow in your train,
Sure victory to gain!

Hear, hear, O painèd Ears,
The song that through the years and spheres
Rings loud and sweet, with joy complete,
Christ's triumph, hell's defeat!

Christ! Christ! From Cross come down;
Assume Thy sceptre, wear Thy Crown!
Earth's welcomes all her tumults drown!
Hail! Saviour of Renown!

“Ay, what most sweetest, most rhapsodic
tears;
Mine own I mingle with them—and My
prayers!
My Soul's arms round Thee twine, Immortal
One;

My thanks are Thine, My blessing, and My
 Crown;
 Sit Thou on My right hand until I make
 Thine enemies the footstool of Thy feet !

“Over with tears, My Children! Victory!
 Nay, spend not strength in weeping; nor yet
 much

In exultation; time is brief; work waits.
 Repent; but hear His pardon-prayer:
 ‘Father,
 Forgive them, for they know not what they
 do!’

Then call to mind how risen Christ did say:
 ‘Hither thy finger, and behold My hands,
 Hither thy hand, thrust it into My side;
 And be not faithless, but believing!’ Those
 Sore-wounded hands forefelt the sceptre He
 Wields now! The thorn-crown pressing piti-
 lessly

Took measurement of that majestic brow
 To fit therefor immortal diadem
 For Coronation! How He pardons! Ay,
 Pardons He My short hiding of My face,
 When earth and stars and sun all glowered on
 Him,

Since He would sound sin’s deep, dark, grim
 abyss!

Weep not His dying; that He came for!
 Take

His mercy ; that offsets His woes ! Love ; that
Indemnifies ! Then, for yourselves, submit ;
That's victory ! Serve ; that is luxury !
Obey ; and find your freedom ! Therefore
swing

Your low notes higher ; mount to tones that
ring

And swing with consonances jubilant !

The holy challenge fling : ' O Death, where is
Thy sting ? O Grave, where is thy victory ?'
— Great Death is swallowed up in Victory !

" Yet know ye this ; nor in this world, nor else,
Is triumph final. Whoso wins a fight
Hath this advantage ; he hath made his point,
The foe is weakened, and himself more strong ;
Cometh thereon fresh impulse, braver heart ;
Then the immense momentum of his might.
The Lord Christ was and is and evermore
Shall Victor be—yet Warrior still ; not once
His sword and armor rusting, nor His helmet
Hung in the banquet-hall, insignia
Of a great Chief in arms and strategies
Laurelled to some forlorn retiracy.
' Conquering, and to conquer '—and thus on,
World without end ; Amen ;— this the divine
Device illustrious on His shining shield !

" Therefore his loyal legions may make sure
His victories ne'er cease. They need not fear

Lest some day courage shall lack chance for
feats

Of chivalry ; nor faith, hope, love grow weak
Through want of braceful using ; nor noblest
souls

Miss a new nobleness ; nor nations great
In virtue and in virtuous arms lament
There be no further fields for conquest. Shall
I drill My warriors to præminence
Of soldiership, then banish them, My best,
To unheroic uselessness—their arms
And they to rust in cobwebbed towers for
babes

To shrink from to their nurses' bosoms ? Nay
Not puppets they, but veterans ripe for dan-
gers !

O, up the angel-ladder each step shows
The ever widening horizon. God
Is infinite ; therefore shall He ne'er let
The finite compass all His plans ; nor this—
Though goodness sweep beyond all present
laws.

Nay, though this present measure of His
might

Need be immeasurably stretched ; and though
These stars, that twinkle as though making
fun

At human counting of them, be increased
Till every several atom of them all
Shall represent some populous Milky Way ;

Nay, should sainthood outgrow high angel-
hood,
And child of man redeemed sing psalmodies
That hush the hearkening heavens to deeper
praise ;
Yet, far aloft in rightness and in grace
As sun the slumberous earth above, shall burn
Ever transcending triumphings of Love !

XXV

“ My Children, hath it sometime pained ye
sore
Thinking of Jesu’s sudden taking off —
So young? Threescore, threescore and ten,
fourscore,
These were their years who through the
Orient ⁽²²⁾
Sowed far and wide, their unploughed acres
o’er,
The choicest grains they knew—unwinnowed
truths —
Whence teeming harvests sprang of tarèd
wheat !
Nor uselessly taught they of honors due
Parents and forbears and the sovereign State ;
Better than maddened whirl of passion, mild
Gautama’s subtle selfish selflessness ;
While Islam’s sword, phrenzied at pagan rites,
Hewed the bright Crescent for the night’s new
moon,

And on Arabia's granite carved : ' Allah
Is One ! ' Grieve ye, these faultful prophets
had

Such profuse prodigality of years,
With wealth and culture, sword and sin
thrown in ;

Whilst My sweet Prince of Peace, on mercy
bent,

Might have no mercy from the hapless souls
He suffering sought to save ; nor apt disciples
have

Instant to catch His all-illuminating thought ?

" He said : ' I have yet many things to say,
But now ye cannot bear them ! ' Ah, My
Children,

It pains ye sore—that hurried, harried life ;
Arrived at Jewish manhood, then no more
For great Messiah's work than three sad
years ;

So many as fill out weak babyhood,
So many as one takes to learn a trade,
Or get dry-nursed for college in cheap Greek,
Or be the painter-laureate to some hound !
Ay, three years' hindered, hurten ministries
Of Painter, Poet, Prophet of My Truth ;
Then cut straight off by shears of envious
Fate !

Life kissed out by a traitor, by His own
Betrayed out and forsaken out, by course

Of human law ruled out, crucified out
By Rome's rude rule, at a priest's bidding!
Shame,
The holy Temple did untemple Him!
Shame! Not in tourney, but a vulgar bout,
The umpire to the empire was—the Mob!

“And Nature shuddered at the sudden shock!
So much had she to shew Him, Him who her
Had dowered with beauty and rich increase.
The vine-engirdled hills that terraced toward
The skies, lifting their fragrant incense cups
Of sacramental wine; the sensitive lakes
That felt the sacred softness of His steps
And hushed their roystering; the desert rocks
That almost softened into pillows meet
For that dear head in tearful prayer low-bend-
ing;
Olives and oaks that sighed to hear Him
weep;
The blind that saw Him and the deaf who
heard,
The lamèd feet that ran to tell His grace;
And a few honest toilers who had learned
To trust and love Him—then, alas, forsake!—
These knew Him, and He knew. But this
great Globe,
The only star whereon He made His home,
He might see little of. O, with what most
Majestic Hallelujahs might have great

Atlantic greeted Him—or where North Star,
 Or Southern Cross or populous Zodiac rules!
 Mine islanded Pacific, in what grace
 Of sweetness in her fragrant cradle had
 She rocked Him, in her myriad-jewelled
 hands
 Had tossed Him, Infinite Infant of Days!

“Ah, might He Himalaya’s Heights have
 reached,
 Supreme Cathedral, with those burnished
 domes,
 Her myriad marble columns carved by storms,
 Her thousand glittering pinnacles that pierce
 Her clouds of daily incense and at night.
 Almost rub ’gainst the stars; its galleries
 Of marbled fire above the marble stairs
 With glacier-praise loud-sounding; then those
 aisles
 Of emerald veined with gold and diamond;
 Sweet vales of velvet verdure of Cashmere—
 Up and down which what herds unworship-
 ful!
 ’Twere godlike shrine for Son of God to pray!

“Nor His to guest with royalty at Rome
 And teach the Cæsar how to be a king;
 Nor His in Athens at her Sages’ feet
 To taste philosophy; nor His from land
 To land to pass, their luscious fruitages

Enjoying ; and He pleased that through the
world

He had such sweetness sown for humble men ;
Nor His to see the beauteous form, and catch
The blush, the languor, the live lustrousness,
Of flowers that roam over the fragrant hills—
His golden texts for golden gspellings !

I pardon ye, O Woods and Vales and Seas,
I pardon ye, dear Fruits and Flowers and
Thorns,

That when men turned against and I from
Him,

And darkness covered all, ye took alarm,
And disappointment yours ye saw Him not,
And your hurt heart did anger ye, and all
Your wanton gravities did pull on Him,
Tearing so sore those poor alms-laden palms !

“ Yet grieve not, Earth, bewildered at so short
A visit from the Master. His entrance
Into thy heart hath happy passage made
For Holy Ghost, who taketh things of Christ
And sheweth them to men. The winter’s sun
But pricketh with the needles of his fire
The ice-bridge of the river ; the warm flow
Of waters underneath shall hasten all
The quivering, quaking ice-floes to the sea.
Let others through long years their message
mumble ;

Or long, or short. He speaks, and it is done ;

Himself the Word and proof, and Love His
sermon!

It takes not long to plant the tiny graft,
And lo, how soon, how sure, how large the tree
With power of multiplying, and with fruits
The world to bless! There shall an hand-
ful be

Of earth upon the mountain-top; the fruit
Thereof shall shake like Lebanon. Therefore,
Earth, have thine undermirth! Let this
thought cheer

And underbear thee, that with Me a day
Is as a thousand years, and they—a day.
Only make sure thou live near God, near God!

“Planets that fondly form their orbits near
Their sun, not only win warmer embrace
And smile, but speedier make their merrier
round

Of years! Let us have pity for the souls
That on the utmost borders shivering wend,
Like Neptune, green with envy; ah, how slow
Adown the melancholy stream he steers
His lonesome, darksome way; the bounding
earth

Rearing two generations of her sons—
Each full four-score, while one year old his
cold

And starvelling child! Ay, mind thee, though,
bright Sphere,

Thou stray not on far-off Aphelion ways,
A frigid laggard ! All My stars affirm,
It does not pay to live so far from God !
Therefore, be sure thou live near Him ; and
like

A merry planet basking in the sun
Thy life shall prove bright, fruitful Paradise.
Through all the years have I been planting new
And precious seeds of grace such as Eden
Ne'er knew ; they hasten to their ripening.
Awake, O North wind ; come, O come, thou
South ;

Upon My garden blow ; let spices flow !
Into My garden, My Belovèd, come ;
Come, come, Belovèd, eat My precious fruits !”

JESU, Fair Child of God and man,
Strange Heir of love and scorn,
Whose care for us our care foreran,
Whose Soul our sins hath borne;

'Twas Thine in all Thy painèd life
Little of earth to know
Beyond her sin and strain and strife,
Her wanton want and woe.

Her woods had churches been for Thee,
Her hills for pulpits blest,
Her headstrong winds a melody,
Her waves Thy cradling rest!

Might'st Thou have seen, might'st Thou have known
This Earth from east to west!
Might she have known she was Thine own
For whom Thy gracious quest!

Now to Thy rightful conquests haste,
 Of worlds without, within;
 Enrich with peace our wildest waste,
 Grow blessing from our sin.

Haste, Master! Haste Thee to Thy crown;
 Creation groans for Thee;
 Her shame convert to glad renown,
 Her moans to minstrelsy.

Jesu! Thy rightful empire build
 O'er all the land and sea,
 Till every heart be filled and thrilled
 With loyal love of Thee!

Then through the myriad centuries prove
 More and more immanent still;
 All things below, like all above,
 God's incarnated will!

“‘Ay, I come quickly!’ saith My Christ.
 ‘Amen!’

Even so, come, Lord Jesus!’ cries the Earth.
 My benediction on ye both! The grace
 Of God the Father on ye all! Amen.

XXVI

“O World, fair World, O World of Mine; be-
 hold,
 He comes again with brave design and grace
 Divine for all the sons of men. Once more
 Great Christ is born. New angels into new
 Clouds fling their new acclaim; new shep-
 herds hear
 Them; and new sages from the newer East

Pilgrim across the wondering deserts wide,
Their golden learnings laying at His feet,
Antique frankincensed praise, and prayers
whose myrrh

Doth signify the bitterness of tears !

These at His crib they lay, and worship Him.
And Gentiles to His light shall come ; and
kings —

Ay, to the Brightness of His Rising—Kings !

“Such Day is visibly here ; and kings be here,
And queens, with father-love and mother-love
To nurse and raise Him to His rightful throne
Right worthily, as fits a worthy monarch.

No kinglest He ; nor kinglets they, and queen-
lets ;

But genuine Sovereigns—as false titles read
Of sceptred Brigands—‘by the grace of
God !’

Thrones theirs, and wide domains, and dia-
dems

With nobler jewelries than from dark mines
And silvery seas rise to compete with stars ;
And conquests theirs that shame and dwarf
The glory of the managers of war !

Real lords and kings be they, under Him who
Thereby is King of Kings and Lord of Lords !

“Such kings be they who for the Master’s
sake

Prove masters of themselves, by gentleness
 Be strong, by giving gain, servants of God
 And opulent heirs of Christ's Beatitudes.
 The world is rich in kingdoms and in kings.
 Such be by a divine right kings and queens
 As in sweet homes rear princes for My courts ;
 Such as, like Pharaoh's princely daughter, find
 Among neglected bulrushes a waif
 And in the very palace of their love
 Train him to reverend priestliness to lead
 Mine own elect through frightened, frightening
 deserts

Into the land of fruitful peace. And such
 Be they who in a genuine knightship shield
 Some sweet fresh maiden truth the bigots put
 Their brutal hands on, and gowned sciolists
 Anatomize to death ; or a heaven-born cause
 Espouse,—misunderstood, maligned, and nailed
 To torture on a vulgar cross ; who 'neath
 Its tragic shadows kneel, and kiss and bear
 Away the mangled form, to love it back
 To resurrection and conquests benign
 That hint a hasting Messianic reign !

“ And such be they who on their mission holy
 Enter the dragoned caverns of the globe,
 Their monsters face and shame to friendliness,
 Play with the dark and tickle it to smiling
 Till its bright laughter stirs the world to light-
 ness ;

In weeds find flowers, and healings in the
poisons,

Turn the rude jangling discords into praise,
And move the sullen earth to mirth, knowing
The stars benignly look and sweetly in her
face.

Earth hath been sick and lonely, a cast-off
Among the spheres; but though it hath been
lost,

Lost, sadly lost, as in a rubbish-loft,
Its finding now is near! Hear ye My words;
Though it hath lien among the pots, yet shall
It be as wings of a dove covered with silver,
Its dusted pinions flush with yellow gold!

—Ay, such My kings as help Me find lost
worlds.

“ Find, find Me worlds, My Kings, My Queens!
Find worlds

That wander in a distant maze! Find worlds
For worlds of love My wandering wards
among!

Find for Me worlds that hide in idling play,
Or infant fears adown the atoms' way!
Ay, 'mong the ethers in eternal space,
Disporting, dancing, bounding in the chase,
Find, find Me quick, the elfin spirits bright
That swing the countless torches of the night
Around the patient progress of the moon,
And dash the dayshine down into the noon!

“ Ay, find Me worlds where I interiorly
 And godlikely may rule. These turned I off
 From My bare finger-tips, and by these same
 I bless them. Now from My heart-tips, nay,
 but

From deepest fountains of My soul I pray
 To bless! Find, find Me worlds whereinto I
 The essences and vital energies
 May pour, that quicken and upspring and fair
 Surprise themselves into eternal! Find
 Me worlds whose palpitating arteries
 I may fill full with such rich crimson love
 As spilled itself heart-hot on Calvary's
 breast!

—Their very void invites My gracious fullness.

“ Find Me the Wealths that stagger 'neath
 their cares,
 With emptiness that comes of surfeit pained ;
 Gaunt Wealths, that at the doors of Poverties
 Stand, hat in hand, a-begging, or in debt
 To labor, and their obligations deem
 To cancel by loud public charities ;
 So straitened—they besiege the very laws
 To shew them mercy, and conspire
 Great wars to help them market off their
 wares!

Ah, bring them Me! And I will loose their
 bands,
 Undo their heavy burdens, let th' oppressed

Go free! O, this My fast! Come unto Me,
All ye that labor with your twinging pride,
And are with unwon tributes heavy-laden,
And I will give you rest! And take My yoke,
And learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly
Of heart. And ye shall find rest to your
souls!

My yoke is easy, and My burden light.

O, if into your penury might flow
His metal, who for your sakes made Him poor,
That through His poverty ye might be rich!
—Rich, therefore, be! Coin gold from alms!
The gardens of the soul, else sterile, win
Heaven's grateful tear-storms through ferti-
lities.

The generous clouds that Afric's burning sands
Repel, water the Mediterranean,
Make Italy, and dome the Alps with glory!

“Ay, to your gilded garrets get, and fling
Your surplus mantles merrily o'er My poor.
Compel the world to bless you with its thanks;
Not for the praise's sake, but My dear world's.
Be just to justice, right toward every right,
The wrong redeem, and make My weaklings
strong;
Toward God be godlike, manly toward all
men;
Your love shall make your very riches rich,
And faithless fasts celestial festivals!”

XXVII

“O, what to Me were worth My sovereign
powers

Save I might use them? What to Me to own
One vast eternal void, except to charge

It with My vigors? What, My gravities
That I impose upon broad-shouldered spheres,
Which else would crush Me? What, electric
fires

That else would burn and blister Me; My
stores

Of light, that else would blind; My musics,
That otherwise would in Mine own helpless soul
Burst into endless echoes tunelessly;

My love, that else would die, not having aught
To feed on, or to feed; Mine arms of might,
That would aweary grow and sore, striking
With infinite force out upon vacancy?

What these to Me, inhabiting eternity,
With open-mouthed vacuity around?

'Twould craze a God!

“Ay, what's a God for? Merely
To sit in state? To be an Ornament,
Or Wonder? or perchance a Fright? or just
To enjoy Nirvana? Just to say: 'I am'?

Nay, nay! I AM! but not an All in nought,
Nor Naught in all; but All in All supreme,
Might of all mights, Light of all lights, the
Love

Of love, the Harmony of harmonies !
Grace! Grace to help in every time of need ;
This is My fond and fundamental Creed !
Rather would I some gentle Christian be,
Than stately, heartless, useless Deity !

“ O, as for Me, I be an Heretic —
Measured by standards of the sycophants
Who laud or crouch, who would hurrah or
 damn,
As custom happened, or as they supposed
An infinite Tyrant would impose. For Me,
I fling such worthless honors to the winds,—
The compliments of cowards, flatteries
Of fools, the smoking incense hiding Me
From sight of My poor children, the proud
 pomp
Of sumptuous worship! What for these care I,
With countless choirs of fervid firmaments
Pavilioned round? If men be at their
 prayers,
And some hurt babe cries on the street, by all
Means let them quit My presence to attend
That babe; nay, they do quit Me not; I speed
With them and hear them on their way. I
 say,
True love is prayer! Nor better can they
 pray.
Worse were a godless God than a godless
 man —

Infinite Sultan on blood-stained divan !
 Nay, let Me, rather, simple Christian be,
 Than heartless, helpless, hopeless Deity !

“This My religion ; nay, for Me there may
 None other be. I worship God, not self ;
 No, though Self be infinite Hierarch !
 May parents sin less faultily than babes ?
 For Me to worship infinite Self were right
 No more than for Earth’s willful little selves ;
 Nor Self I worship, but true GOD, and Him
 I yield to, just like Jesus Christ, My Son ;
 The conscioius, infinite, beneficent,
 Non-egoistic Ego of the World —
 Than whom none other so great Duty bears !
 Therefore at Love’s own sacred Altar do
 I call on all true worshippers with Me
 To kneel, and prayers uplift, and alms to
 give,
 And consecrations make of choicest alls ;
 And I loud strike the note of praise for them
 To join in and melodiously sing.
 Let all unto My banqueting-house move
 Whose welcoming banner over all is Love !

“Come, come, poor Earth ; I love thee ; I
 bless thee ;
 Thy love with My love mingles ; let us pray !
 So Love shall hear Love’s prayers, and answer
 soon.

Come, come, poor Earth, with all My thirsts,
 behold,
With thirst I thirst for thee. Come, bring
 thy sires

And sons, thy fasts and feasts, thy poverties
That faint before the Church's door; thy
 prides

That hear them not while themselves cry for
 more.

Bring Me the buoyant hopes, the dire despairs
That shudder lest My tender hand may hurt.

Bring thy wan woes that cannot live, nor die;
Bring thy coarse envies, all thy hates insane;
Bring all thy coward wars, that screen them-
 selves

Behind impregnable breastworks of some
Well-engineered phrase of diplomacy
Surprising to the pagan gods! Bring then
All that thou hast of promise; all thine alms
Humane, thy manly pressing toward the good,
Thy prayers in many a tongue untutored
 prayed;

I feel their fervor; My heart their heart hears.
Thy big ambitions for this New Age bring—
Proud and exultant as it springs aloft
To do what centuries had not dared to pray!

“My Nations, O My Nations, marvel not;
Puissant, brave, ay, Christian! One war
 more!

One straight and sturdy struggle; nor for fame,
 Nor vengeance, nor your rights. Yet crim-
 soning let

It be! Let the seas feel your courage so
 In mighty tidal waves their onsets turn
 And flee. Thunders shall stand aghast and
 speechless!

The mountains at your presence shall flow
 down!

Ay, not that ye shove out red murders 'mongst
 The peoples terrified; this battle be
 The Lord's! Proud, deathful, sterile wars not
 Mine!

Alas, alas, My Nations, that when ye
 Have slain your millions, millions more must
 die

Through war's foul stench My peoples poison-
 ing;

Years craped in mourning o'er their dead!

Wo's Me,

Reluctant justice must be forced to wraths,
 And love to laws and tasks unlovable!"

WITH wrath in mercy and mercy in wrath
 Jehovah cradleth His great wide swath
 Through rank-grown wrongs to carve a path
 To the freedoms He for His people hath.

Far over the oceans travelleth He
 In majesty of cannonry,
 And by loud earthquakes out at sea
 Lifts islands to light and liberty.

And boastful nations of ancient fame
That thwart His will He sinks to shame ;
And—hinder who will, 'tis just the same —
The rights of Right He will maintain proclaim.

When He ariseth for the right
Night flames effulgent with strange light,
And weakness grows to a terrible might,
And the finite smacks of the infinite!

But the years are weary with wear and tear
Of bootless battles so everywhere;
Great God! how bold be we who dare
Thy judgments just! O Lord, us spare!

O, happy the peoples that glad obey,
And perish they who say Him, Nay!
O World! Great World! His mercy pray;
Make sure thou follow Him straightway.

Nay, let not men with men contend,
But men for men, like friend for friend;
And down to Hell send hell, and bend
Their wrath to ruth, world without end!

* * * * *

E'en now, high up the spires of time
The wakeful watchers eager climb;
Hark! how the bells in rapture-rhyme
Chime out Love's victories sublime!

“ Ay, to Love's more inviting victories
I call. Away, My Nations, quick away
With prides and jealousies and blows whose
fierce
Rebounds hurt deeper than your foes' re-
venges.

Nature is shocked at all your cruel feuds ;
 The sensitive air quivers and cries for pain
 At war's harsh thunders ; she flies them hurt-
 ling

Into the skies ; frightened My heavens hear
 Such clanging uproar as I never made
 Them for ; and hurl them howling, pounding,
 down

On pointed peaks of loud protesting moun-
 tains ;

In very crucifixions clamorous
 With mutual upbraidings ; dead and still
 At last in the deep dungeons of the dark !
 Not for such cries sprang I these arching
 skies.

O, rather, far, for holy cadences
 That softly undulate like angels' wings,
 Pæans of joy, tried first in heaven, then
 Found meet to train ye in your singing here.
 Hark, how My seraphs soothe the suffering
 air,

Swinging incensèd musics up the flights
 Of stars. Let heaven rejoice ; let earth be
 glad !

“Haste ye, My Nations, to such wars as laurel
 Conquered and conquering, both, with victory.
 Beaten at the outset they who wrongly win !
 Let Love lead forth your legions fast a-field
 To seize her triumphs for the Prince of Peace.

Flash through the mists the search-light of
your mercy ;

Train on your foes your heavy cannonries,

Bombarding them with red-hot charities ;

Outwit by honest strategies of grace ;

Avenge proud hate with unrelenting love !

—What if those foes turn allies to the Christ ?

What if among them Mine elect shall be ?

Touch Mine anointed not, nor prophets harm !

O, one Love for one wide Humanity ;

One Crest, one Christ, one Cross, one Com-
monwealth !

Non, ministrari, as but fools insist ;

Sed ministrare,¹ as saith Christian Christ !

“The paradoxes of His kingdom test,

Which fit alike for nations and for men.

Spending your strength upon the weak, grow
strong ;

Helping the poor to plenty, be ye rich ;

Lifting the lowly, spring ye straight and tall ;

Lead My poor blind, and find your own bright
way ;

Teach lisping babes, and learn My deeper wis-
doms ;

If for your feeding ye best crops would raise,

In soilèd souls and quagmire lives plant good ;

Unloose men’s heavy burdens, yours fall off,

Or courage makes their carriage a pleasantry ;

¹ “Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.”

Yet love ye for love's sake and not your own,
 Lest selfish sweetness soon ferment to sour.
 To heaven would rise? From hell lift dreaded
 foe;
 And gain fine training for fresh feats at
 arms.

Who taketh not the poorest pagan's part
 Let him beware the pagan in his heart.
 Love, love is the fulfilling of the law.
 Angels, like kites, might fall, not balanced by
 Unwingèd souls to pull upon their flight!
 To *heave* is literal root and growth of *heaven*.
 O Men! O Nations! Do ye feel the draw
 Of sunken peoples on your vaulting heights?
 The lowly lift; let love fulfill her law;
 Upswing with clinging wards to holier heights!

"Be this mind in you which in Jesu was,
 Who, on equality with God, emptied
 Himself, and took a servant's form, and in
 The likeness and the fashion of a man
 Was made, obedient unto death, even
 Death on the Cross; wherefore highly did
 God
 Exalt Him, named Him all great names above;
 That at the Name of Jesu every knee
 Should bow, in heaven and earth and under
 earth,
 And every tongue confess that Jesu Christ
 Is Lord, unto the glory of God, the Father.

“Therefore, at worthier business be than that
Of idly questioning the portents, when
Shall Jesu come? how? where? and when, O
when,

The thousand years of peace? My kingdom
shall

Not come with observation. If one say,
‘Lo, here is Christ’; or, ‘There’; believe it
not;

Within you is the kingdom of the Lord.

As Jesu once was seen to heaven to go,
So in like manner shall ye see Him come.

But of that day and hour knoweth no man,
Nor angels; nor did Son of Man in th’ zone
Of human life know when; only the Father.

Watch, lest ye know not when the Master
come;

Yet stand ye not, into the heavens agaze;
Leave signs and days and Comings with the
Lord;

The kingdom, ay, the very King’s within.

Lift up your heads, ye Gates, e’en lift them up;
The King, the King of glory shall come in!

XXVIII

“Let every gate swing open to the King!

O, dear to Me the very weaknesses
That give My mercy opportunity.

Dear to sweet Jesu this woe-world, that He
Might plant His mighty heart in, so therefrom

As from a garden rich with jungle mire
 His heart-seed might to plenteous fruitage
 grow.

“By what arch tricks Love wins her way!
 ’Tis said,
 ‘Night is defined by darkness, death by
 dust.’⁽²³⁾

Yet on the ebon curtains of the night
 Rich clusters of world-flashing stars I pin.
 And, dust? Dust also will I find use for;⁽²¹⁾
 And that aside from fields whose chemistries
 Work miracles for homes of rich and poor.
 O, ’tis the very dust, from travelled roads,
 From unswept alleys, sooty chimneys, woods
 Afire and ashen with big frights, tall flues
 That steam their smoking blackness ’gainst
 white skies,

Dust the brusque cyclones whip from sterile
 plains,—

’Tis dust wherefor My sovereign wit hath use.
 ’Tis dust that in the sky, or in the chamber
 Where all the home-loves gather, intercepts
 The sunbeams fierce and makes them soft
 diffuse

(For else sharp slants of blinding bright)
 Through humble hermitage or troubled cloud
 Those tonèd tints that hint of home and
 heaven.

’Tis just the dusty atoms that do catch

The raindrops on their tiny palms, and weave
Rainbows to ribbon earth's steep stairs to
God;

Ay, 'tis plain dust that gathers radiant clouds,
Groups them in mighty grandeurs in the skies,
Heads off the torrents and tornadoes wild,
Holds back the too tumultuous thunderbolts,
And bathes with blessings of the gentler rains
The fields that raise thank-harvests to their
Lord!

“Bring, bring Me quick, nor crooning o'er the
past,

Nor counting off weird cabalistic years,
Nor 'mong My startled prophecies romancing,
Nor fearing lest your hopes too hopeful be,
Or faith seem overgrasping after good;
Bring, bring Me quick what hath no use but
ill—

What I may try My gracious cleverness at,—
Black dark a-quiver with imprisoned light,
Great famines bursting with their bread and
wine,

Graves cradling infant immortalities!
Where sin aboundeth grace shall more abound.
The pagan idols have this merit, that,
So gross, so impious, they have carved been
From purest marbles, which fair stuff I take,
And, paring down the caricatures, recarve
Into a noble manly godlikeness.

“When My brave Leonardo would portray ⁽²⁴⁾
 The Holy Supper where the Christ last sat
 With His disciples sad, breaking the bread
 For broken hearts to eat, and pouring wine
 That symbolled love divine; where might He
 find

The marvellous features that should match the
 Master's;

And, easier task, so human followers?
 Ay, where but in the markets and faubourgs
 Where grouped the tricky knaves and jocose
 idlers,

Milano's dainty diletantes in vice,
 Villains in velvet, keen-stiletto-eyed,
 Ruffians to hire for murder while the soft
 Sweet bells were summoning to the Sacra-
 ment?

So strolled he quaint Milano's stalls among
 For facial contrasts hinting likenesses,
 Coarse brutal brows that scowled their subtle
 smile,

Affections scalding into jealousies,
 Intrigues that snuffed of wisdoms, heart-hurt
 hates,

Lawless exaggerations of some grace
 That gave all else eccentric viciousness.

“Thence to his studio this man, to put
 Into each portrait some hard fact, to which
 Yet harder might he add, whereby at length

All harmonized into surprisèd forms
Of Saint-Apostles ! Then from hornier quarries
Was reverently wrought the Master's face !
All this, just as from fractured gems pupils
In art would cast away in scorn, masters
Will make magnificent mosaics, to place
Upon the walls of some renowned cathedral.
So bring, bring Me, the shattered, spoilèd forms
Of good, the weird grotesquenesses of earth,
The maimed, the gaunt, the lost humanities ;
And on them shall My sacred artists work ;
And on the walls of My Cathedral shall
I hang immortal frescoes and mosaics
Of saints, apostles, martyrs, very Christ,—
Again all at the Blessed Banquet met !

“ O, if I set diamonds in raindrops, if
On the dark canvas of dissolving clouds
I paint the radiant rainbow, sacred sign
Of covenanted love, how shall I not
My best art use painting My children's por-
traits,
To hang high up My chambers in the sky !
O, bring Me now the sombre storms of tears
For Me to paint My bow of promise on ;
Bring Me sore fragmented ambitions, dread
Despairs, poor heartless hearts, wrecks, ruins,
wraths,
Rock-hearts that sins and tyrannies have
ground,

The flouted refuse of these diamond-pits!
 O Men, Times, Angels! Help Me these to
 shape
 For reverent use, and then with love's finesse
 Portray new guests at this dear Sacrament!
 This do ye in remembrance oft of Me.

“Haste, haste ye on, My gentle Miracles!
 Ah, some day one shall learn the alchemy
 Whereby pain leaps to pleasure. He shall
 teach

Magnetic currents how to thrill torture
 With bliss ecstatic, fusing the dark blood
 With such Nepenthen waters as defy
 Ardenne to spoil earth's homely quietage.
 Bring Me the pains that pant for sure sur-
 cease,

The tired and torturing travails of the poor,
 Dear faiths that stagger at the temple-gates
 'Midst surpliced prides and cloistered unbe-
 liefs,

The fretted hopes of noble souls that wait
 For truths to trust and generous deeds to do.

“Bring Me the feeble forest-folk, such as
 Along the Congo's dolorous sources feel
 But feeblest pulse of humble humanhood;
 Bring such as in the savage North tone up
 Their hardy grit in storms, and whet their
 wits

On rasping glaciers, and hear My voice among
The rattling battles of the thunder-skies ;
Ay, bring Me these My backward sons and
daughters

Whom I will train into this Christian age.

I will not that in these impelling times,
Impatient of the isthmuses, these fare ⁽²⁵⁾

Far round the age-long continental coasts ;

But, shunning wreck and dangers of delays,

Course right through from Pelusium to Suez !

Therefore bring Me My nursling nations quick

Whom I to Christlike manhood quick may
rear ;

So shall the olden prophecies fulfill : ⁽²⁶⁾

'Before she travailed she brought forth ; be-
fore

Her pain a child was given her. Who hath

Heard such a thing ? Such who hath seen ?

A land born in one day ? Hear Me ! Shall I

To the birth bring, and not cause to bring
forth ?

The whole creation travaileth in pain

Together until now ! Ourselves also !

Nations shall on their bosoms bear My sons,

My daughters on their shoulders ; kings shall
be

Their nursing fathers, and their mothers
queens.'

Kings ! Queens ! Bring Me the babes and
sucklings

That in the wilderness cry, and stretch
 Their starvèd arms into the dark. As ye
 Would live, take these and nurse them up for
 Me!

“ Who knoweth but to such of different lands
 And bloods new sense of spiritual truths
 I may impart? What if their nerves of soul
 Be keenlier sensitive to certain pains
 Of falseness? What if some color-blindness,
 theirs
 Or yours, should start dispute about My rain-
 bows
 Which I meant as the covenant sign of peace?
 What if among them Kings should rise, to
 rule
 In some unbackneyed righteousness; or what
 If Prophets of a keener visioning
 And straighter speech; or some great Prophet-
 Priests
 With sacrifice and worship sacreder,
 With psalms and hymns and spiritual songs
 So far above or different from the common
 That fault be found with too rich incense-
 cloud,
 As though obscuring God, and darkening
 day?

“ Nay, fly far fast such unbelieving faiths,
 Such impious piety, such unloving love!

Nay, nay, there may not be delay. Not more
An hungered is the seed for earth than earth
For seed ; not more the parchèd prairies cry
For water than the heavens thunderously
That all their windows may be opened wide.
The better spirit of this time reads right
The message of My Son. 'Go ye to all
The world, and preach the Gospel to the
whole

Creation.' And the stupid brutes do feel
That man is kindlier to man—and them.
And science and philosophy and art,
And laws and labors, affluence and wants,
All know it ; and proud wars like cowards
flee.

My new Day breaks and shadows flee away,
As through the world Love goes a-gospelling!

XXIX

“Ay, through the world Love goes a-gospelling
With eyes bent low to search each earthly
need,
With eyes uplift expectant of the Christ ;
And the stars hear her on her singing way
Until they melt into the golden day
Find, find Me worlds, whether in stellar wastes
Or wider, weirder wastes of human need ;
Lo, thither Love with eagle-wingèd hastes
And ravishing expectances shall speed !

“ Find, find Me now, to-night, some wayward
world

Whose wearied worship flits on wounded
wing —

Her sightless songs among laments astray ;
Some day she may of all My choristers
The sweetest, strongest, angelist minstrel be !

“ Find, find Me worlds into whose dark and
doom

I may the ripened light and fire of all
Past ages pour, making them gleam with
glory.

Ay, bring Me, haste Me, virtuous, virile years
'Gainst strife astrife, alove with love, lordly
Impatient for the passing of the wrong ;
Right knightly years of old hearthsome
noblesse

With Virgin Love's rare favor on their breasts,
Who pure in heart the infidels shall o'ercome,
And find the long elusive Holy Grail
Angels have hid from sacrilegious search ;
Its sacramental blood as vital as
That poisoned afternoon when Joseph prest
The conscious bowl to Jesu's bleeding breast !

“ Bring, bring Me worlds whose pallid lips in
haste

Shall taste the wine of love from chalice
chaste !

“ Ay, bring Me Years that knightlily shall find
It, rescue it, drink deep of it, and pass
It reverent round ; then speeding to their
tryst,

Swear fealty to our Sir Knight Jesu Christ !
Is not this the Communion of the Blood
Of Christ ? What saith He ? ‘ Drink ye all
of it !’

—That multitudinous plural !⁽²⁷⁾ Drink ye,
All !

Ye All ; Plural of excellence !⁽²⁸⁾ Ye All !

“ Thou, Earth, a vessel of the Lord shalt be,
Large Holy Grail, holding in noble trust
The precious Blood, the very wine of love
That from the suffering Saviour’s bosom
flowed !

Some great Day, thou,—circling the heavens
round

From arch to arch,—the peopled worlds, awe-
struck

At thy conspicuous eminence of grace,
Shall touch thine outer rim, the virtue taste,
And thrill with th’ wondrous story of the
Cross ;

And drink in memory of Jesu ! Earth !
My Chalice choice, My eucharistic Cup !
Fill thee with wine to sumptuous overflow ;
Thou, too, art Cup of Blessing which I bless !
See that for all thou fill thee to the brim

In love's most sweet remembrances of Him !
 —I, too, do dream ! And sun and moon afar
 Obeisance make to Him,—and startled star !”

—Ceased now the Voice !—And whether bowed
 we low,

Or stood upgazing ; and or short or long
 The reverent adoring—we know not,
 Nor knew ; for in such concourse heavenly
 Time is and is not long nor short. We seemed
 To know what meant : “Time is no more.”

Then rose

From our companions rhapsody supreme ;
 As shone, through all the shining round, their
 faces

And forms beatitudinously holy !

STARS on the watch-towers of infinite height,
 Blither and brighter because of the night,
 Flush with fresh lustre and thrill with new joy ;
 Songs of Redemption your praises employ !

Sing we a weird and a mystical song ?
 Have ye no word for such love in your tongue ?
 Hasten your speed to these far-away skies
 Whither the Earth with her love-burden hies.

Here shall ye meet the strange orb that hath sprung
 Sin and its perils and terrors among,
 Risking to roam in the darkness of space,
 Wandering far from the Lord and His grace ;

Wandering star that no star may deliver
 From reserved blackness of darkness forever !—
 Lo, though, the Sun hath arisen upon her ;
 He hath away with her guilt and dishonor !

Hither swift journey, and hither your gaze ;
See in Earth's cradle the Infant of Days ;
Here in the form of a Servant doth hide
One in whom manhood and godhood reside !

Hither haste, all ye most mightiest Spheres,
Hither with love and with pity and tears ;
Lowly the life of the dear Son of God,
Lowly and lonely the path He hath trod.

Smitten with sorrow for sinners below,
Smitten by sinners a sorrowful blow,-
Under dark olives where ye might not see,
Under woe-weight of the world bended He !

Worth all the wealth of the world is the love
That itself valueth all worlds above ;
For life of Love His own life counts He loss ;
Life for the world is His wage on the Cross.

Stars of the Morning, and Stars of the Night,
Hither your hasting and rapturous flight ;
Learn the glad Story, and taste the rich Love !
Speed the Evangel through abysses above !

* * * * *

Fill thee with Wine, Eucharistical Cup !
Earth, at thy brim worlds of worlds thirst to sup !
Thou, Elect Sphere where the Saviour hath trod,
Fill thee with measureless measures of God !

As thus up toward the stars their song they
threw

Who thence on singing wing had hither flown,
Upon their features such seraphic light
We saw, as else in long reserve is held
Till when we mortals shall the Lord behold,
And to His likeness wake. Vanished at once

All traces of the spectral scene around ;
 Nature at rest ; and that sore wounded spot
 Sweet healed of its supernal tragicness !

“Farewell !” said they who homeward now
 would go ?

“Farewell !” said we who homeward now
 must turn ?

Too high our conference, too blessèd such
 Prophetic oracles, too deep engrossed
 Their thought and ours in holy hopes, to weep
 In sad good-byes ! Upward and upward
 swung

They like embodied musics, and sang down
 Their love ; while upward gazed we stedfastly,
 Till clouds of light received them from our
 sight.

Then minded we our homeward way to wend
 Where humble tasks in Jesu’s Name invite ;
 —Till He shall lead us to our Olivet.

Meanwhile, as foretime it had strange be-
 hopped

In that impressive presence of the Cross,
 When heard we in most deep-awed ecstasy
 Our star-born friends interpretation give
 Of these strange prodegies ; so now again,
 Save with a far exceeding antheming,
 A song burst forth men might attempt in
 vain !

Some angels must have joined them from the
sky,
And myriad starry strangers joined their
choir ;
Such rich tumult of multitudinous praise,
As though from all the radiant spheres our
guests
Had visited, had floated hither strains
Of their selectest melodies ; as though
The ancient songs of God's great Morning
Stars
Had fallen in pieces and come quivering down,
A shower of shining, singing meteors !

Notes

1. p. 9. Under this title, *The Wonder-Cross: Immanence*, a portion of the beginning of this poem was read some years ago at a general convention of the Delta Upsilon College Fraternities, held at Colby University, Waterville, Me., which was "printed but not published" in the *Delta Upsilon Magazine*.

2. p. 40. See in Farrar's *Life of Christ*, chapter one, extract from the Gospel of St. James, known as the *Protevangelium*, chapter eighteen, this ancient rhapsodic concept of Nature's sacred hush at Jesus' birth.

3. p. 46. A pathetic ancient tradition of the woods of the Cross.

4. pp. 59 and 123, etc. For further spiritual treatment, of the unconscious interpenetrativeness of different existences, whether of matter, or spirit, or somewhat partaking of either, or of aught else, see the author's *Reliques of the Christ*, p. 52, etc.

5. pp. 76 and 107. These quotations from Prof. Tayler Lewis's admirable translation of Job, in Lange's *Commentary*.

6. p. 80. The swing of the Poles of the Earth during the 25,868 years of the last full Procession of the Equinox brought the Southern Cross into view even of Great Britain, in a comparatively recent ice age. Owing to the carbonic acid in the air at a far distant era, the stars were invisible. It was clarified by the vegetation absorbing carbon and breathing out oxygen.

7. p. 98. Probably the temporary stars that surprise us with their appearance, and then their increasing and decreasing luminousness, are cooled, dead worlds, sometimes colliding, or sometimes dashing into realms of nebulae, or star-dust; the tremendous compression evolving light.

8. p. 105. "The range of audible sounds comprises eleven octaves, of musical sounds about seven; the range of visible light is less than one octave; the range of æsthetic color may be less as it is with sound; the limits of music and sound together lie between forty and 4,000 vibrations in a second, while the limits of visible light lie between four hundred and sixty million millions, and eighty million millions in a second."—Wm. Schooling on "Color-Music," in "*XIX Century*," reprinted in *Litt. Living Age*, Aug. 10, 1895. He also suggests that on the fact that some sensitive natures are affected by color as others by music, a new instrument might be invented, which, with a keyboard of notes to play the shades of color, and with a pedal to alter the intensity of light, a bit of color-music may be produced. Meanwhile, the Rev. Alan S. Hawkesworth, (*Westminster Review*, Oct. 1902, p. 387), writes that "the telephone turns sounds into magnetic and electric vibrations; and these again into waves of sounds; the electric light converts vibrations into light and heat; the thermo-pile joined with a telephone will transmit heat into sound; while silenium cells will perform the same operation with light; it is, then, but a simple statement of fact that, given the proper apparatus, one can easily hear light and heat, and see sound." He is arguing against the identity of what we call *matter* (apparent) with the essential metaphysical matter—of atoms and spaces.

9. p. 121. I am indebted to the late Dr. A. J. Ingersoll, of Corning, N. Y., ("*In Heath*," and his "*Sabbath Talks*,") a man of deep original spiritual thinking, needing much qualifying, for the pervading sentiment of this hymn, Self-forgiveness, a loving forgiveness toward our own faultinesses

as well as others', not a self-excusing, nor a self-accusing conscience, but a grateful leaving of all our sins and selves with Christ for His redeeming; also for the reverencing of the entire physical life, and fundamentally that life which is divinely ordained for the human family on earth, which is by unwise angers diseased into abnormal fires and passions.

10. p. 130. A beautiful quotation from an ancient Japanese poet, given me by that great missionary statesman of Japan, Guido Fridoline Verbeck, D. D.

11. p. 132. Almost a word for word phrasing from address by B. B. Nagardias, of India, at World's Religious Conference, at Chicago World's Fair, 1893.

12. p. 134. Popularly called for some time "Volt," more accurately now "Ampere," each after an inventor.

13. p. 137. The author has been delighted to see, since this portion was written, this figure of God's keyboard of the skies, by Dr. Sandy, in *The Oracles of God*, p. 160.

14. p. 176. The author regrets he has forgotten to what recent author he is indebted for this admirable phrasing.

15. p. 190. Battles of Manila Bay, May 1, and Santiago, July 3, 1898.

16. p. 200. Few need be informed how the Jewish Sabbath evolved into the Christian Sunday.

17. p. 202. "Perpetual service their perpetual rest."—Lange's *Revelation*.

18. p. 208. Hymn written by author for dedication of the Jay Gould Memorial Church, (Reformed Church in America), Roxbury, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1894. (May be used for Church Dedications, or Sabbath Processional.)

19. p. 213. For erection of ancient Cathedral of Chartres, see extracts from two letters of A. D. 1145, printed in Bishop's *Pictorial Architecture of France*, p. 104.

20. p. 226. The two seas that met at Chicago, at World's Fair, four centuries after discovery of America, are the great lake of water and the great sea of humanity assembled there. In the song, reference toward its close is made to the strange burning of almost all its Centennial buildings when the Fair was over.

21. pp. 231 and 264. The volcanic eruption in Java, a few years ago, affected even our American sunsets with a strikingly deeper brilliancy; similar atmospheric and possibly climatic effects followed Pelee's disastrous eruption in 1902. On the importance of Dust, see A. R. Wallace's *The Wonderful Century*, chapter nine. Krakatoa's (Java) dust was apparent three years afterward; and some of it went round the earth three times; p. 75. Dust gives blue to the sky, elsewhere colorless and black, makes a track of sunbeam through the pure black air, in the atmosphere from ten to twelve miles high, affecting its colors. No clouds, no gentle rains, nor mists, etc., without dust on which the atoms of moisture condense, thus preventing otherwise constant waterspouts and torrents. See also p. 82 of this poem.

22. p. 241. Gautama Boodha lived eighty-one years, preaching sixty. Confucius lived seventy-three years, preaching fifty-three. Mohammed lived sixty-one years, giving himself to special religious meditations at twenty-four, preaching publicly at thirty-eight, *i. e.*, preaching—and fighting twenty-three years. Jesus, the blessed Son of God, had just three years in which to preach and plant His Kingdom of love!

23. p. 264. "Night is defined by darkness, death by dust."—Bailey's *Festus*.

24. p. 266. See Louis Blanc's *Grammar of Painting and Engraving*, p. 112 *seq.*

25. p. 269. "Impatient of isthmuses."—Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs' *Lectures on Christian Religion*.

26. p. 269. Isaiah 66 : 8, *seq.*

27. p. 273. "Multitudinous plural."—Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune, in sermon on Resurrection.

28. p. 273. "Plural of excellence."—The Hebrews emphasized a noun by pluralizing it; *e. g.*, *Elohim*, the plural of *Eloah* converts "gods" into "God."













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